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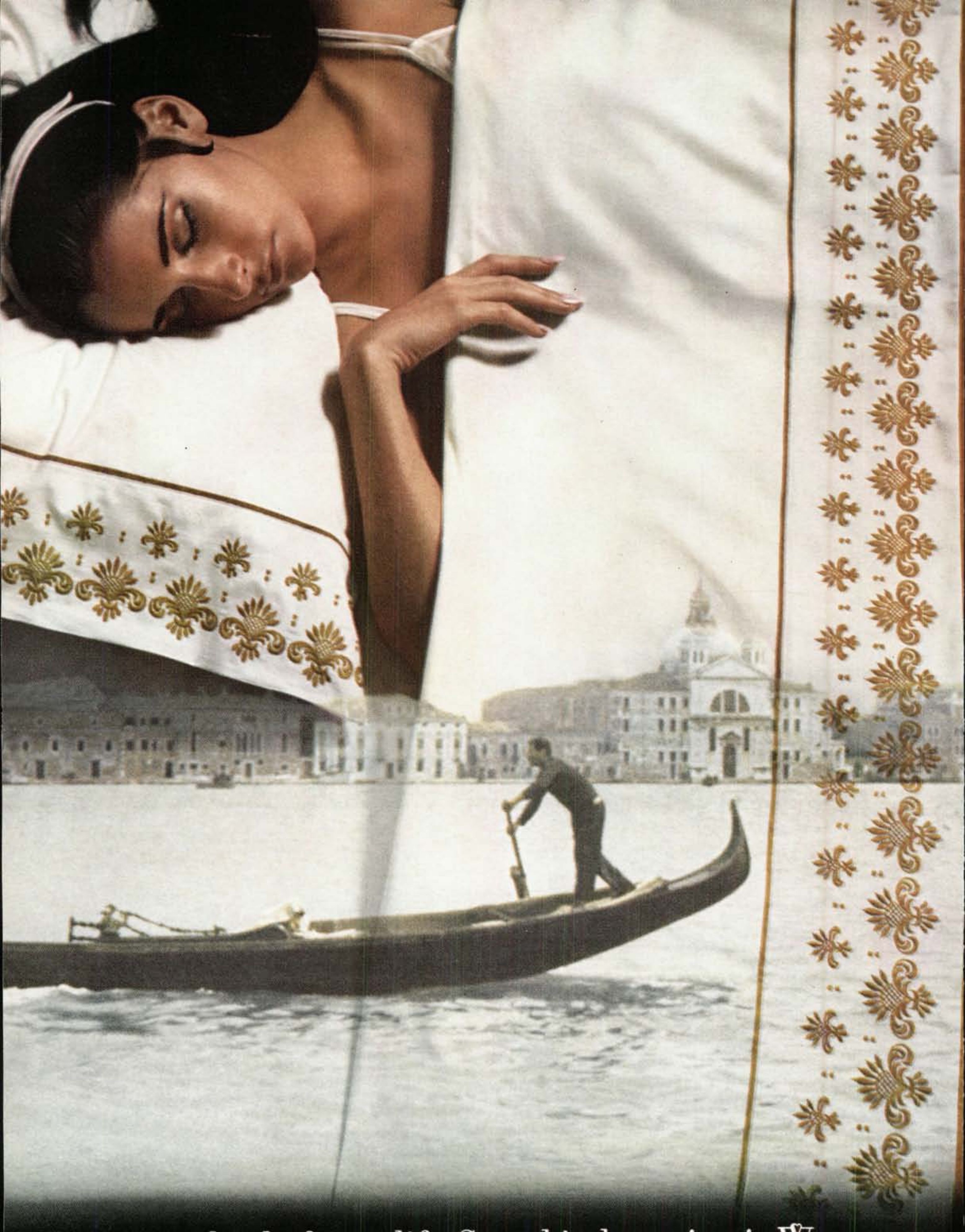

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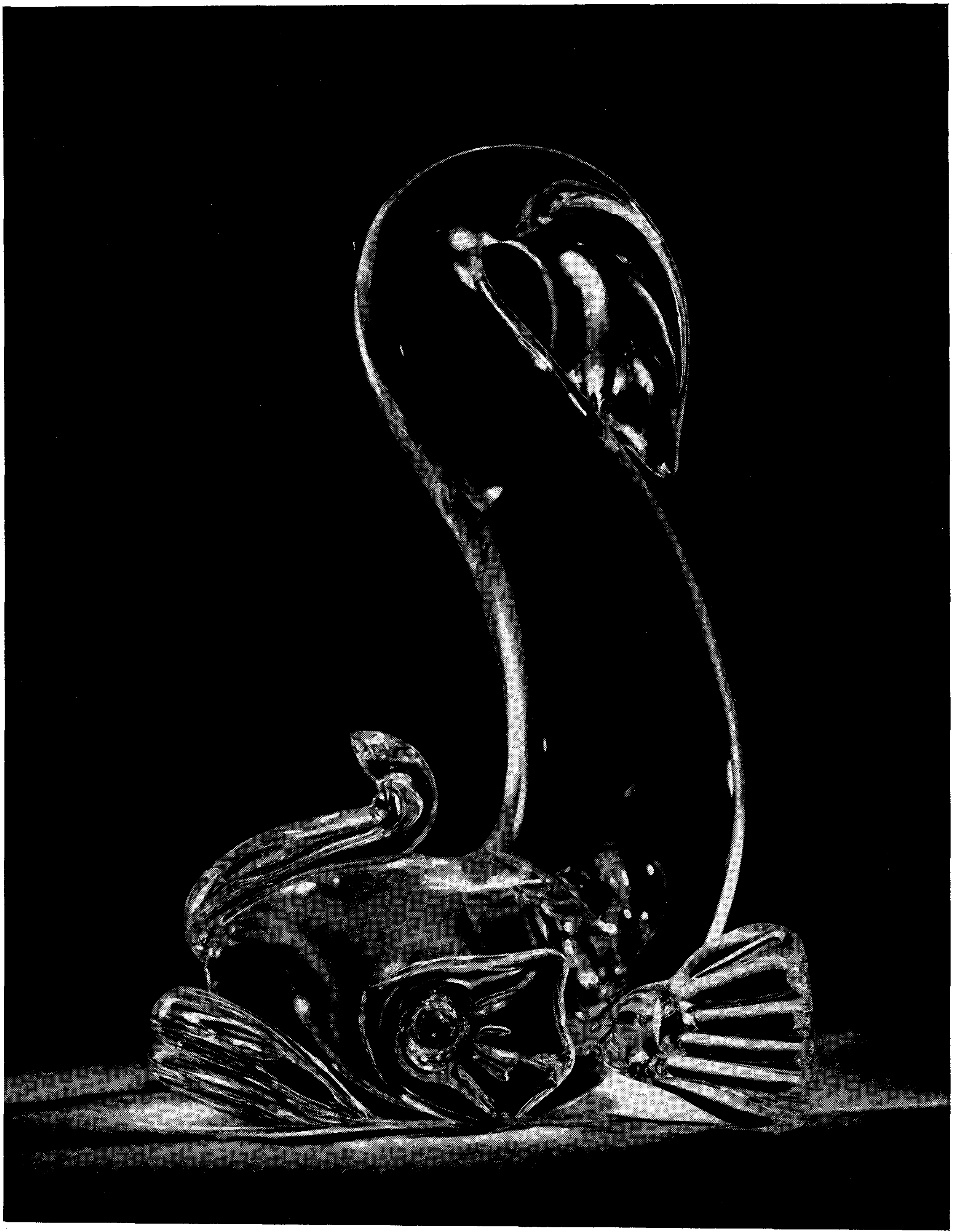

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this much larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Lovers—Art Carney heads the cast of Brian Friel's two-part play, imported from Dublin. Directed by Hilton Edwards. Previews Friday through Wednesday, July 19-24. Opens officially on Thursday, July 25. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

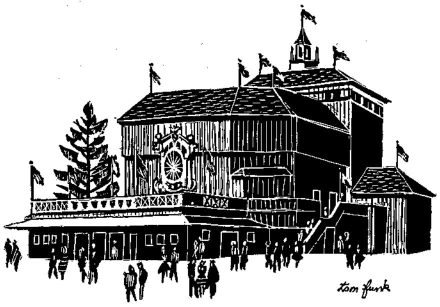
A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon has a knack for making people laugh, and these three conjoined one-act comedies would no doubt be S.R.O. even in Tibet. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton have a high old time in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy, brightened at intervals by a funny old man out of the lower East Side of long ago. Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid comprise the family, and David Burns is the funny old man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Jay Allen has turned Muriel Spark's exhilarating little novel into an admirable play. Zoe Caldwell is exceedingly good in the principal role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Long Runs—**cactus flower:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **rosencrantz and guildenstern are dead:** An invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are the principals. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **scuba duba:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **there's a girl in my soup:** Laurence Hugo plays a middle-aged womanizer who is taken in tow by a nineteen-year-old swinger. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **you know i can't hear you when the water's running:** Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by an amateur choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. Butterfly McQueen has joined the cast. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

George M!—An opulently staged account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey makes George M. Cohan appealing by remaining Joel Grey. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in the wrong town. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 22, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happy Time—A big, hollow, and technically adroit staging of a skimpy book with skimpy songs. Robert Goulet and David Wayne are its wasted stars. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. In addition to the show, there are songs by Mr. Carmines, played and sung by him. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **west side story**, with Barbara Luna, Kurt Peterson, and Victoria Mallory. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis, and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays

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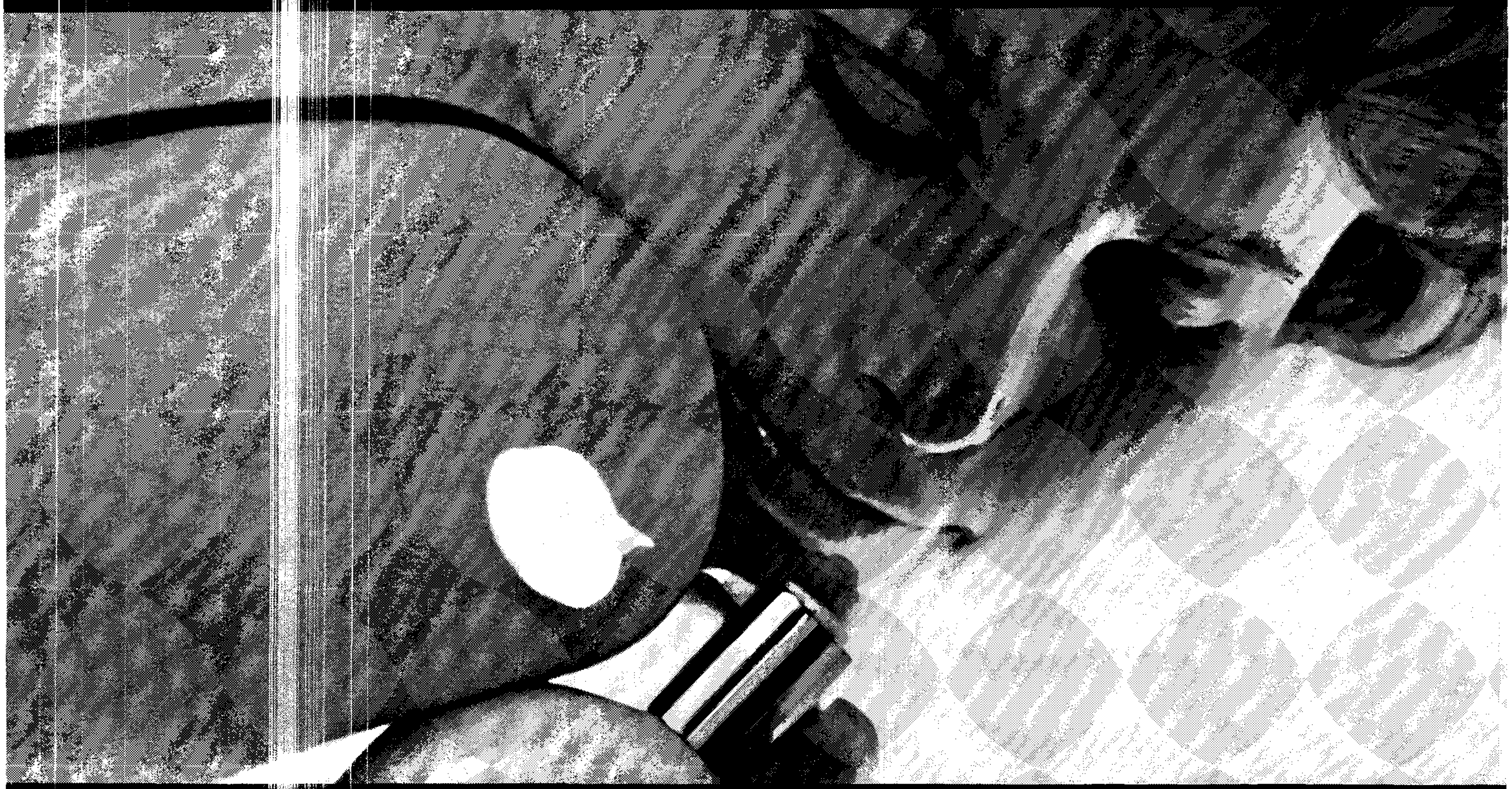

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—CABARET: How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Cinco braças por aquela banda. Sob braças inteiras, cinco, teu pai jaz. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Janis Paige plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Hal Holbrook plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, July 18: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Friday evening, July 19: "Pulcinella Variations" and "Giselle." ... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 20: "Danses Concertantes" and "The Sylph of the Highlands."... ¶ Saturday evening, July 20: "Aleko," "At Midnight," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Helen of Troy."... ¶ Sunday matinée, July 21: "The Sylph of the Highlands" and "Etudes."... ¶ Sunday evening, July 21: "Les Noces," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Undertow," and "Aleko."... ¶ Tuesday evening, July 23: "Les Noces" and "The Sylph of the Highlands."... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 24: "Les Sylphides," "Las Hermanas," "At Midnight," and "Concerto."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 25: "Harbinger," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes."... ¶ Friday evening, July 26: "Las Hermanas," "Undertow," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Helen of Troy."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 27: "Concerto" and "Giselle."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, July 28: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 799-4420. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **HENRY IV, PART I**, with James Ray, Sam Waterston, Stacy Keach, Charlotte Rae, and Penny Fuller, are being given on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. **HENRY IV, PART II**, with the same cast, is presented on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630. Final performance Saturday, Aug. 3.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Jerome Hines and Kathleen Nolan. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Most nights involve singers, strummers, and wry talkers. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

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Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is tenebrous and sometimes significant. Sea Train, an outgrowth of the old Blues Project, is the main act—or will be through Sunday, July 21. After that, who knows? Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

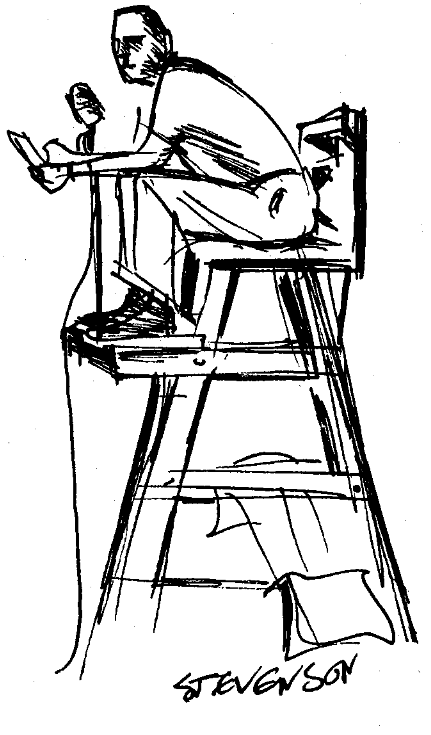
Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's about the only thing that's happening. Not much to look at, but nice to know: A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and the Jake Hanna quintet, which plays ingratiatingly. On Sunday, July 21, from five to nine the New York Hot Jazz Society will present Bobby Hackett's six-man ensemble, which might be worth listening to. The regular evening session will follow. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Eight-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and ho-ho-ho. A fine how-do-you-do.

The Scene, 301 W. 46th St. (JU 2-5760)—Where a lot of people think it's at. Kenny Rankin sings and plays guitar. John Hammond's trio is around, too, giving way on Monday, July 22, to the Eire Apparent. After two-thirty, visiting musicians often turn up for jam sessions. You can dance if you're so inclined.



Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Dim, shadowy, nondescript, it's sort of basic. Jazz every night from nine until closing by the Jackie McLean quintet. Monday, July 22, will be turned over to singer Myra Brown, and on Tuesday, July 23, another group will move in. Matinée specials, from five to nine: the Walter Davis, Jr., trio on Saturday, July 20; the Substructure, a five-man tuba group, on Sunday, July 21.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, the Billy Taylor trio plays with its customary assurance, alternating with Toshiko's solo piano. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. The dinners are mostly grilled.... ¶ Downstairs, two exemplary horns can be heard as the Dizzy Gillespie quintet takes turns with the Miles Davis quintet. Mondays are devoted to special events.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz goes pretty far out. The Sonny Rollins quartet trades sets with the Freddy Hubbard group. Monday, July 22, will be reserved for the crystal-shattering sounds of the Chuck Israel sixteen-piece jazz band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right—it's practically in the North River. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and John Latham (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, things start oscillating at four-thirty and keep going till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. Loud live rock alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates attempted to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—It comes in colors everywhere, it combs its hair, it's like a rainbow. Flashing, whirling, pulsing, slamming, the whole big place is a hippodromish carnival, and those who enter seldom leave without having had an experience. Live groups and rock records take turns over a good system for dancing from nine to three or four. On Monday, July 22, at eight-thirty, the Circus will present the fourth of ten Monday-evening mixed-media affairs known as the Electric Ear. This one will be directed by the composer David Behrman. The regular show will follow at about ten. Alcohol? No.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—The dancing is fundamental. The

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music is vital. The drinks are average. Records play from nine to three or four except on Fridays, when they start at eight. Reservations are recommended on weekends. Closed Mondays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

SALVATION, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—Every so often, a night spot becomes *the* place to go—for a season, anyway. This spot has been alleged to be this season's. The music sounds as though it's being played through an air-conditioner, the waiters look faintly Venusian, and if you don't wear something fashionable, you might as well stay home. Dancing from ten till closing, except on Fridays and Saturdays, when things start at eight-thirty.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, the Bobby Hackett quartet lets its considerable skills drift in the direction of satiny dance music. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd has been around a discothèque floor before, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Elephant's Memory does. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a hip place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Young Girl," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Paisley walls forever.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

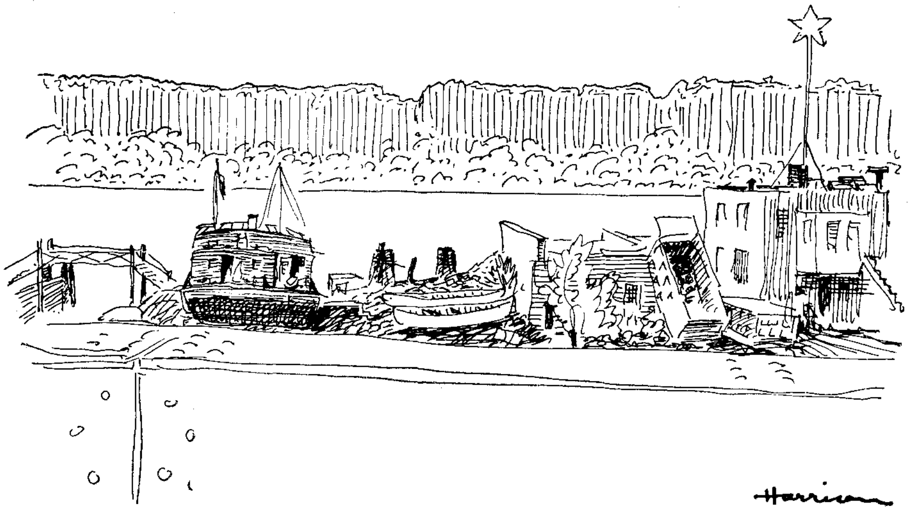
RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): Words as well as music are now included in the prescription. The words come from Flip Wilson, who has been playing fast-and-loose word games with his audience for years; the music comes from the Victorian but vibrant squadron run by Phil Wayne. Mr. W. appears twice—during dinner and supper. And from this rooftop one can, on a clear night, see forever. Closed Sundays. . . . **ST. REGIS-SHERATON ROOF,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Romance languages are the only tongues known to the décor, and the aura of *autre temps* is enhanced by the ministrations of a ballroom ballet duo—Ed Sims and Andre Decker. The *temps* of the bands—Quintero's and Joseph Sudy's—are, though, twentieth-century coming-out-party. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): As is the custom at many other Ivy League athletic events, there are two marching (or dancing) bands in the Café Pierre—Johnny Mince's on Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's the five other days. Little Miss Ellen Harwicke, who accompanies her own songs with her own piano, and neatly, has Mondays and Tuesdays off. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The parquet floor and the music in the restaurant are built for comfort, not for speed. The music issues from Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on in general from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Archeological surveys lead to the surmise that this was the site of Sybaris; in fact, zebra-striped walls, known to be a fetish of its inhabitants, are still visible. Between eight and three-thirty, collations for the curiosity-seekers are offered by Lester Lanin and his band. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (889-5100): A Penny from Heaven—Billy Maxted, once of Red Nichols' Pennies—has a joyous outing with his band beginning at seven-thirty; the Eddy McGinnis orchestra tees off at six. The Maxteds depart on Wednesday, July 24, but Bobby Sherwood's mob moves in the next night. No music Sunday evenings. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): People may walk on the grass as much as they like, and cut capers, too, as long as they break into nothing more violent than a dog trot, or—of course—a fox trot. The setting is plain but painstaking, the menu is token. Three ceaseless bands, one of them very Latin (Argueso's) and two of them very local, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around twelve; Sundays they begin at three-thirty, and Wednesdays at six-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200): The unroofed terrace affords communion with the phenomenon known as Natural Habitat—trees, grass, fireflies, and weather. Nourishment, and parochial dance tunes, too. These last are off-and-on Mondays and Tuesdays, non-stop the other nights, from dinnertime until past midnight.

BIG DEALS

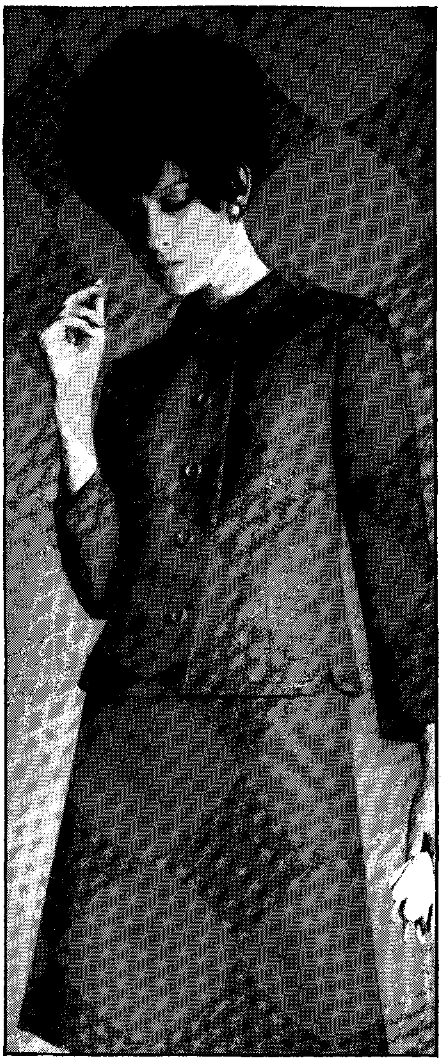
(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box there is Mel Tormé, who sets his songs on a sliding scale (even a slithering one), and as featly as can be. His consort is Jo Anne Worley, a girl whose cap is mad. They gather during dinner and supper; the orchestra of Lee Evans, a sound investment, is there all the time. The enterprise will shut down Sunday and Monday, July 21-22, but will reopen on Tuesday, July 23, still with the Evans crew and additionally with Aliza Kashi, a forceful Israeli soprano.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—One-big-happy-family is the



CUSTOM CASUALS



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

attitude of the everlasting Chavales de España (all for one, one for all, and free-for-all, too, when it comes to singing and prancing). Three choice ballerinas are part of their montage. Twice a night during the week, thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre in the round, mauresque guitar begins at five, flamenco chanting begins at nine-thirty, and all hands stay late, and every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Gladys Knight and the Pips, the newest machine to be shipped East from the Motown mill, has arrived in perfect running order (no Motown model ever has to be recalled to Detroit for refitting). The accessories are the pliant Knight voice (hard-edge, soft-edge, folk, and funk) and the admirable choreography of the Pips. Larry Wilde, the attendant wit, is always soft-edge and often funny. They all clear out after Wednesday, July 24, but other help will be supplied thereafter. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components.

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—A draft of dryads, a dazzle of damosels—these are the basic materials of a hubris that runs on for nearly two hours, picking up, in its course, Teresa Brewer, the Sunny Southerner, and her small but triphammer songs, not to mention Rip Taylor, a humorist who should perhaps not be mentioned. Twice a night, for ever and ever.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Long life to the grand old Persian Room, and all that in it is—well, nearly all, including the bands in the charge of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Also present: Grace Markay, a quite pleasant *gamine* but, too, one more example of what happens when a soprano does exactly as she is told—girl meets computer, computer gets girl. She appears at ten through the week, at nine and eleven-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays; the bands never give up. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, which, however, skips dinner on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends well met, and younger ones, too, in a trophy room that likewise serves as restaurant, bar, and music conservatory. The summer boarder, and keyboarder, is Lynn Mullinax. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The piano in this *salle de luxe* has for years led a life of innocuous desuetude, but under the fingers of Bobby Short it is being driven like mad as he declaims the songs that are at their best during the dark hours. He begins at eight-thirty, and he and his two sidemen run on until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica ginger in the seasoning is inserted by a troubadour of calypso antecedents. His beat is dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Happiness is a thing called boys and girls—me for you, you for me, and euphoria. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the rest of the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (PL 3-2960): Queen Victoria *would* be amused by the décor, the staff, and the menu, about all of which there is a certain British rectitude; the jolly piano and lyrics of Lynn Richards, a girl who's been around, and *is* around here (Tuesday through Saturday every week, from about nine until about two), are not, though, at all Windsor Castle. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Riparian rites along the Jordan, by a collection of amiable Mediterranean merrymakers. Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr provide a large part of the chitter and the chatter, and even a song or two. The dining is native without being naïve. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Or, really, a set of bumper-to-bumper tables, screened apart by a galaxy of glass-bead stalactites into a sort of winter palace. In one unquiet corner, the voice and piano of Scott Reed ramble along from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is as Second Avenue does, but in the grim gloaming the grimness is at least eased by Charles De Forest, singing away at his own piano about one lost paradise after another. He is absent Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of night-time violinists, goes on vacation after Monday, July 22, but another of the good King's fiddlers will be on duty. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): The acoustics here have been greatly improved by adding Ray Hartley's piano to the décor. He operates from five-thirty until one, but takes Sundays and Mondays off. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): In the manifold Alley, which deals in cocktails and dinner, there is piano by Muriel Roberts, one of the few girls who apply drive instead of drivel to the instrument. She is in service Mondays through Fridays, from four-thirty to eight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EDWIN DICKINSON—Paintings and drawings by one of America's grand old men, featured this year at the Venice Biennale; through Friday, July 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN GREETINGS GALLERY,** Vanderbilt Ave. at 44th St.: An exhibition of prints created in workshops of twenty American colleges; through Aug. 23. . . . **BANFER,** 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by Maurice Grosser, Margo Hoff, Alvin Ross, and others; through Thursday, July 25. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: William Wiley, James McGarrell, Philip Pearlstein, Jack Beal, Peter Saul, and H. C. Westermann are among the artists exhibiting paintings and some sculptures here; through July

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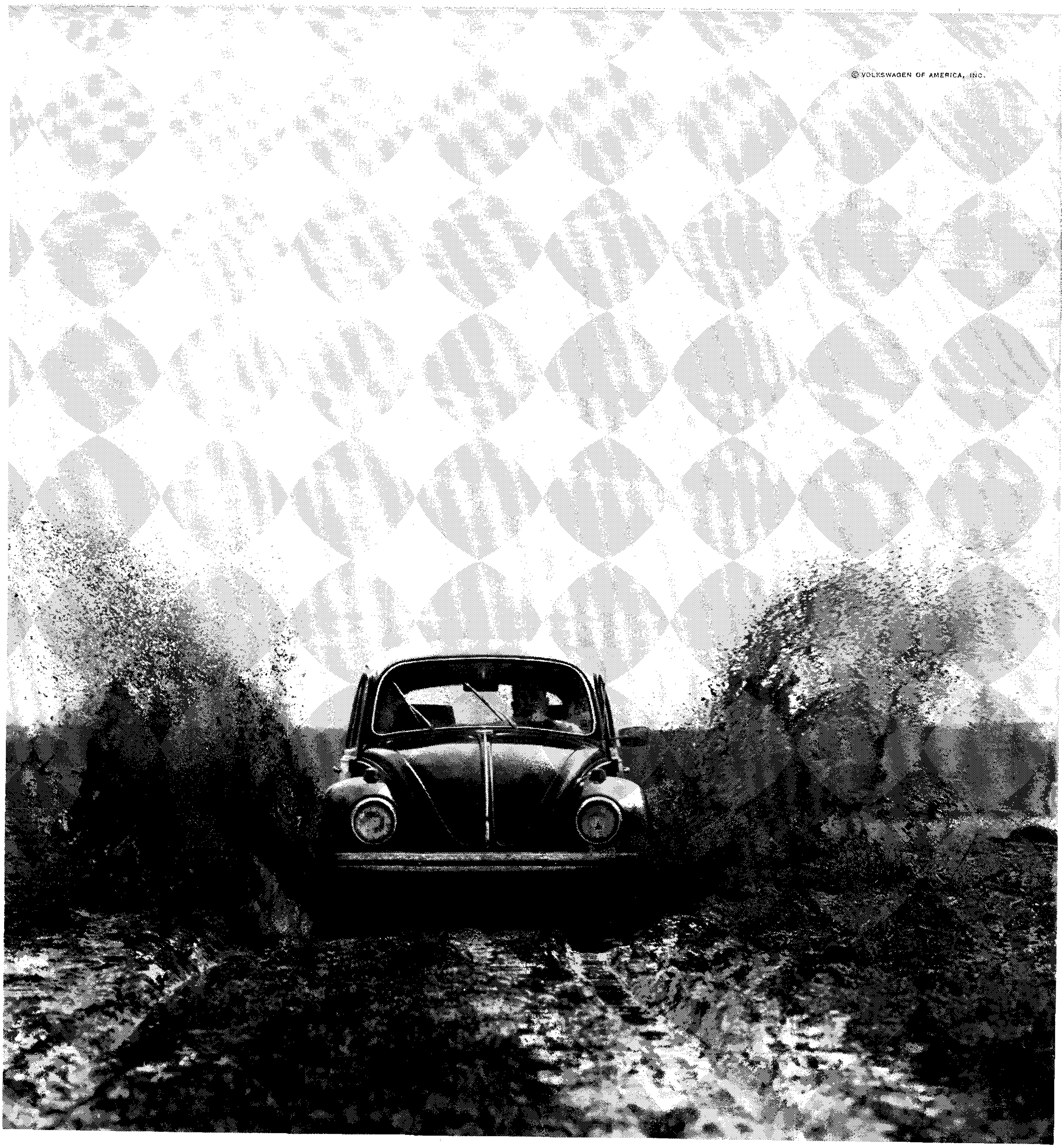

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31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Guston, Hofmann, Marca-Relli, and Nadelman (to mention a few); through Aug. 16. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Fritz Glarner, Edwin Dickinson, and Frank Gallo; through Friday, July 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **LANDAU-ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Marcia Marcus, Jack Levine, Joe Brainard, and Jack Zajac are among the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, such as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Zoltan Sepeshy, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and Doris Rosenthal; through Aug. 2.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Dubuffet, Klee, Masson, Picasso, and Kupka are several of the artists represented in a showing of oils and watercolors; through Aug. 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: An exhibition by artists who specialize in flashing lights, reflections, and animated objects and images; through Friday, July 26.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Drawings and sculptures by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Bissier, and Bury; through Thursday, July 25. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

FROM THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE: ART AND ARTIFACTS—Nearly five hundred statues and figurines, jewelry, pottery, vases, utensils, ceremonial weapons, and coins, produced from 6000 B.C. to 135 A.D. by Biblical peoples; through July 31. (America-Israel Culture House, 4 E. 54th St. Open Sundays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately two hundred late-nineteenth-century and twentieth-century European and American paintings and sculptures, many never shown publicly before, from New York City and Long Island private collections; through Sept. 2. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)... ¶ "Dutch Drawings and Prints Before 1800," a showing of works by Rembrandt, Lucas van Leyden, Bloemaert, and others less well known; through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty-seven paintings, wall pieces, sculptures, and objects from the past twenty years by thirty-three artists, most of them "minimalists;" through Sept. 8.... ¶ About a hundred and fifty portrait and landscape photographs, mostly done during the past decade, by Cartier-Bresson; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighty-six works by twenty-four twentieth-century Americans, primarily of the older generation, from the Museum's permanent collection; through Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro broth-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ers, as well as works by younger Italians; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions; namely, medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, early and later printed books, bookbindings, and drawings, plus autograph manuscripts, letters, and documents. Through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A selection of craft objects that straddle the line between craft and fine art; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Art of the Congo; through Aug. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jazz in the Garden—Thursday, July 18, at 8:30: **THE PAZANT BROTHERS.** . . . ¶ Thursday, July 25, at 8:30: **REVEREND JAMES CLEVELAND AND HIS GOSPEL SINGERS.** (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

Jefferson Airplane—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, at 8 and 11:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 11. Abraham Kaplan will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 21.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Friday, July 19, at 8 and 10:30: Indrani and her company of Indian dancers and musicians, with Ali Akbar Khan, sarode. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8 and 10:30: Phil Ochs and Jim and Jean. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 6: Indrani and her company of Indian dancers and musicians, with Ali Akbar Khan. . . . ¶ Monday, July 22, at 8: Janis Ian and Rosko. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 24, at 8 and 10:30: Vanilla Fudge and Ultimate Spinach. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 8 and 10:30: Richie Havens and Cashman, Pistilli & West. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8: Duke Ellington and his orchestra and Les McCann. (Through Saturday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Riverside Park—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Harvey Sollberger, flute, and Richard San Filippo, trumpet. (Friday, July 19, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 19, at 7: A recital by Zara Nelsova, cello, and Grant Johannesen, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 9: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Mr. Johannesen. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 24, at 8: A program of music from India by Ravi Shankar, sitar; Ali Akbar Khan, sarode; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 7: A recital by Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Jorge Bolet, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; the Berkshire Chorus; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 2:30: Josef Krips con-

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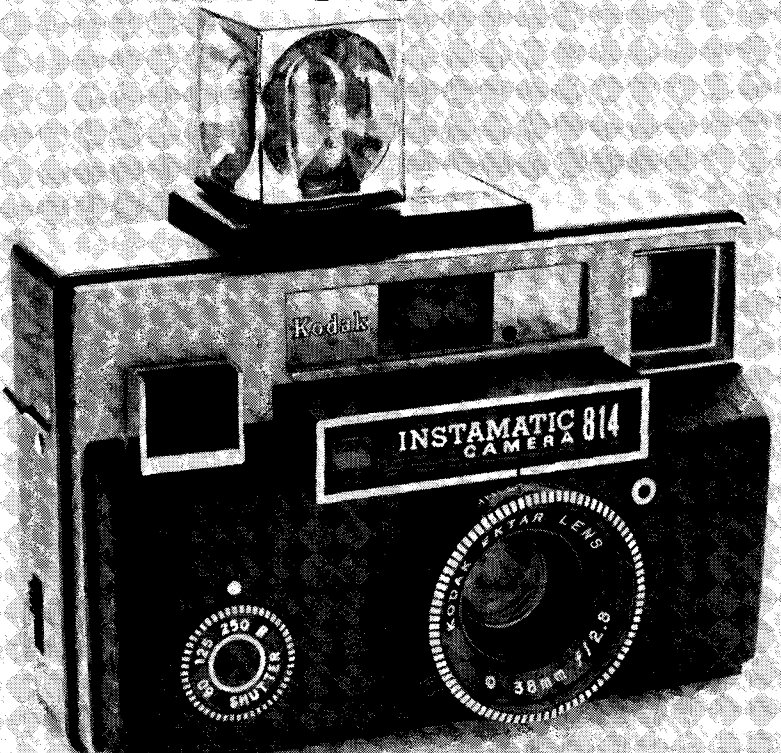

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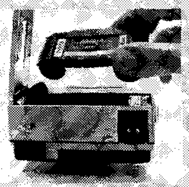

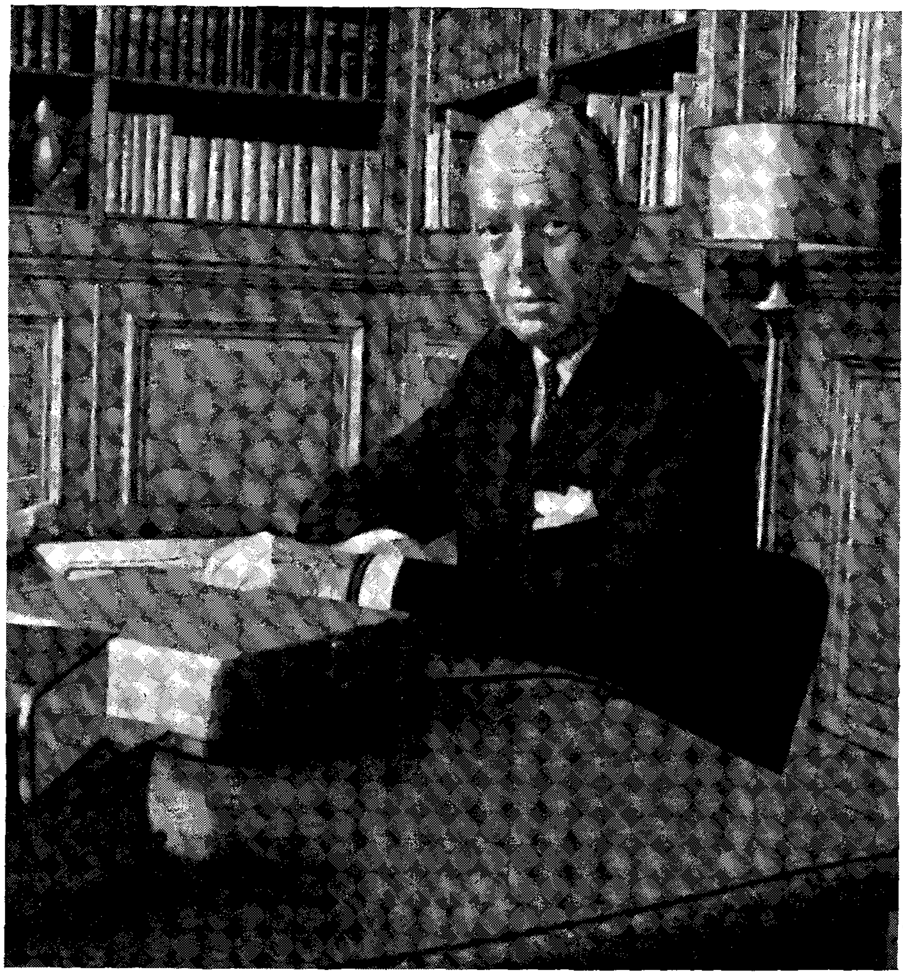

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ducting; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Tentative schedule of final performances by the New York City Ballet—Thursday, July 18, at 8:30: "Serenade," "Meditation," "Allegro Brillante," and "Ballet Imperial."...¶ Friday, July 19, at 8:30: "Swan Lake" and "Harlequinade."...¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: "Divertimento No. 15," "La Valse," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."...¶ Sunday, July 21, at 3:30: "Serenade," "Meditation," "Allegro Brillante," and "Ballet Imperial."...[NOTE: A special concert will be given by Peter, Paul & Mary on Monday, July 22, at 8:30.]...¶ Tuesday, July 23, at 8:30: "La Sonnambula," "Stravinsky: Symphony in C," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Wednesday, July 24, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," "Glinkaiana," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Thursday, July 25, at 8:30: "Haydn Concerto," "Firebird," "Ivesiana," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Friday, July 26, at 2:30: "Swan Lake," "Glinkaiana Pas de Deux," and "La Sonnambula."...¶ Friday, July 26, at 8:30: "La Sonnambula," "Stravinsky: Symphony in C," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8:30: *"Swan Lake," "Episodes," "Glinkaiana," and* "Western Symphony."...¶ Sunday, July 28, at 3:30: "Haydn Concerto," "Firebird," "Ivesiana," and "Symphony in C." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

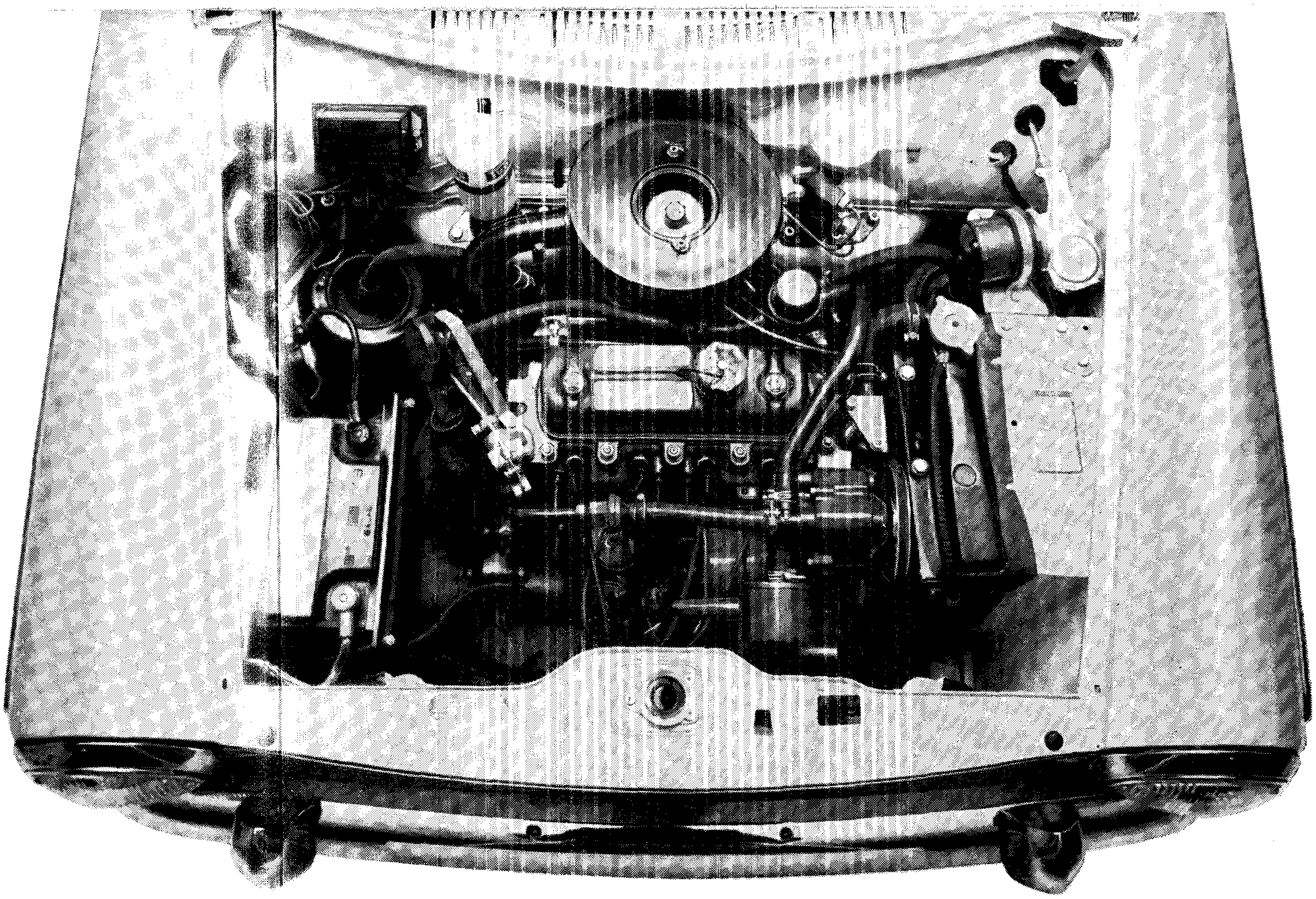
WATERLOO VILLAGE MUSIC FESTIVAL—Henry Lewis conducting the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra. Saturday, July 20, at 8: With Eugene Istomin, piano....¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8: With Berl Senofsky, violin. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N. J. Through Saturday, Aug. 31.)

NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL—Wednesday, July 24, at 8: "Sing in the Evening," with Libba Cotten, Logan English, Bess Hawes, Joe Heaney, Clint Howard, Margot Mayo, Fred McDowell, Fred Price, Dan Smith, Doc Watson, Ed Young, and others....¶ Thursday, July 25, at 2: Hootenanny....¶ Thursday, July 25, at 8: "Free Form Folk," with Sandy Bull, Mike Cooney, Richie Havens, the Kaleidoscope, Bill Keith, Jim Kweskin, the Lyman Family, Taj Mahal, Geoff and Maria Muldaur, Fritz Richmond, Jim Rooney, Eric Von Schmidt, Bob Siggins, and others....¶ Friday, July 26, at 8: "Streets and Mountains," with Joan Baez, Paul Barbarin and the Onward Brass Band, the Bread and Puppet Theatre, Jimmy Collier, Libba Cotten, Arlo Guthrie, Bess Hawes, the Rev. Kirkpatrick, the Pennywhistlers, Bernice Reagon, and others....¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8: "Country Music for City Folks," with Roy Acuff and the Smoky *Mountain Boys, Big Brother* & the Holding Company, Jack Elliott, George Hamilton IV, B. B. King, Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys, Ken Threadgill, and others....¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8 (a special concert at the Rogers High School Auditorium): "Ballads," with Sara Cleveland, Mike Cooney, Joe Heaney, Norman Kennedy, Lou Killen, Jean Ritchie, Pete Seeger, Dan Smith, Frank Warner, and others....¶ Sunday, July 28, at 11: Free concert of religious music....¶ Sunday, July 28, at 2: "Fresh Faces," with Tim Buckley, Jimmy Collier, Sean Gagnier, John Hartford, the Kaleidoscope, the Rev. Kirkpatrick, Taj Mahal, Frank Profitt, Jr., Oscar Brand, and others....¶ Sunday, July 28, at 8: Janis Ian, Jean Ritchie, Doc Watson, Junior Wells-Buddy Guy Blues Band, the Almanac Singers, Jack Elliott, Arlo Guthrie, Sam Hinton, Millard Lampell, Pete Seeger, and others. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 586-1400, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 20: Maria Alba and her company of Spanish dancers....¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 23-27: The Pennsylvania Ballet Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, July 18, at 8....¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, July 19, at 8; Sat-



The straight story on a crooked engine.

People take one look at the America's crooked engine and the wisecracks start flying.

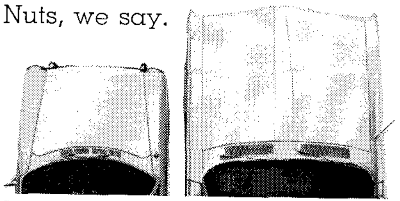
"I suppose it makes the car go sideways, huh?"

"You know . . . maybe the engine is really straight and it's the car that's crooked!"

They go on. And on. And on.

Everybody thinks a cross-wise engine is crazy.

Nuts, we say.



First of all, by placing the engine parallel with the front we've lopped 12 inches off the hood. So you get greater visibility for greater safety. Nothing funny about that, is there?

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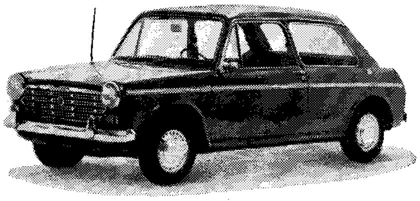

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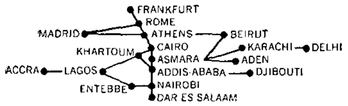

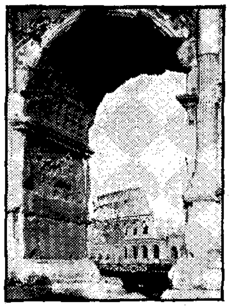

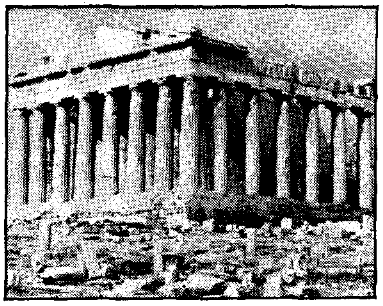

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urday, July 20, at 2; and Sunday, July 21, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Monday and Tuesday, July 22-23, at 8, and Wednesday, July 24, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, July 26, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 27, at 8:05 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at about 7, and will include a couple of innings between former stars of the Reds, Dodgers, and Yankees, among them Johnny Vander Meer, Gil Hodges, and Joe Medwick).

Golf—New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Yahnundasis Country Club, Utica. Tuesday through Saturday, July 23-27.) . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Morris County Golf Club, Convent Station, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, July 24-26.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 27. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 20. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Sorority, Saturday, July 20, and the Sapling, Saturday, July 27. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer—Generals vs. Kansas City. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, July 26, at 8.)

Tennis—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Monday through Sunday, July 22-28.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, July 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.) . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8, from Wednesday, July 24, through Thursday, Oct. 17. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 20.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

The Kinetic Art—Three programs of short films representing sixteen filmmakers from Europe, Japan, and the United States. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday through Saturday, July 18-20, at 8:30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—July 18 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Hoodoo Ann" (1916), with Mae Marsh. . . . ¶ July 19 at 2: "The Unholy Three" (1933), with Lon Chaney. . . . ¶ July 20 at 11:30: "Waxworks" (1924), a German film. . . . ¶ July 20 at 3: "Casablanca" (1942), with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ July 21 at 2: "The Young and the Passionate" (1953), in Italian, with Alberto Sordi. . . . ¶ July 22 at 2: "The Invisible Man" (1933), with Claude Rains. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2: "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), with Frances Dee. . . . ¶ July 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Ella Cinders" (1926), with Colleen Moore. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.) . . . NOTE: Ten programs in a series of Greta Garbo films, presented by Lincoln Center Festival '68. July 19 at 6:30: "Wild Orchids" (1929). . . . ¶ July 19 at 9: "Queen Christina" (1934). . . . ¶ July 20 at 6:30: "The Single Standard" (1929). . . . ¶ July 20 at 9: "The Painted Veil" (1934). . . . ¶ July 21 at 6:30: "The Kiss" (1929). . . . ¶ July 21 at 9: "Anna Karenina" (1935). . . . ¶ July 22 at 6:30: "Conquest" (1937). . . . ¶ July 22 at 9: "Camille" (1937). . . . ¶ July 23 at 6:30: "Two-Faced Woman" (1941). . . . ¶ July 23 at 9: "Ninotchka" (1939). (For information about tickets, call 765-5140.)

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THE EQUITABLE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

Bedazzled—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron merrily ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 23. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 24.)

Belle de Jour—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great filmmaker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

The Bride Wore Black—A thriller about a lovely woman (Jeanne Moreau), who kills in vengeful memory of a beloved husband shot on the steps of their wedding church. Truffaut directs, in homage to Hitchcock, and makes a film that just manages to surmount a silly plot, since Truffaut shows an infinite and attentive respect for his characters and embeds in the narrative an idea about the nature of romantic love. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Doctor Dolittle—If, as an adult, you *have* to go to this for the sake of your children or grandchildren, all is not lost—at one point, Rex Harrison sings a love song to a seal. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. (In Swedish at the Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ In English at the 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Fox—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a fox (Keir Dullea). It's enjoyable in a simple way, and if you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella you might think this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 23.)

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Hour of the Wolf—Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. A film that sees a poetic man's madness as an image for hacking a way out of a life gone sterile. Max von Sydow plays the obsessed painter, Liv Ullmann his sweet-spirited wife. The movie is marvellously acted and shot, from Bergman's own screenplay. In Swedish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 24, tentative.)

In Cold Blood—Richard Brooks's exact and moving adaptation of Truman Capote's celebrated "non-fiction novel." (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 24.)

Nazarin—Buñuel's major ten-year-old film about a defrocked priest in Mexico. No artist uses heresy and anticlerical humor with more angry regret. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's funny comedy about two men in mid-divorce driving each other balmy with a surrogate version of fussy marriage between them. Jack Lemmon is the wifely figure, Walter Matthau the male enraged by vacuum cleaning. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Petulia—Richard Lester at his best, directing Julie Christie and George C. Scott. We knew his technical brilliance, but not his charity and eye for modern distress—nor his skill with actors. The story is set in San Francisco. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Planet of the Apes—An entertaining and ingenious science-fiction fantasy. Charlton Heston is Adam as an American, and Kim Hunter is a delightful ape lady-doctor. Franklin Schaffner directed. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 23.)

Rosemary's Baby—Roman Polanski isn't at full stretch in this film, but he has an obvious and engaging love of making movies. The story, adapted from Ira Levin's thriller, is about a girl (Mia Farrow) who lives in the Dakota with her actor husband and conceives a baby by alarming occult means. Ruth Gordon is very funny as a key witch next door. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Sebastian—Dirk Bogarde cracks codes in this uneven espionage comedy-thriller. With John Gielgud, who provides a few amusing moments, and Susannah York and Lilli Palmer. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 23.)

The Two of Us—An artlessly simple account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation in France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-three years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Don't let anyone put you off by saying that the Russians' version is old-fashioned. Thank goodness, instead, for a work of this historical intelligence, detail, affection, and freedom from the silly pursuit of newness. Sergei Bondarchuk directed, wrote the screenplay, and plays Pierre. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

REVIVALS

Accident (1967)—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 19.)

Alphaville (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; July 19-21.)

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; July 18.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, based on James Thurber's "The Catbird Seat." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

Bay of the Angels (1964)—Directed by Jacques Demy, with Jeanne Moreau. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 23-24.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; through July 19.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty in a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 19. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 20-22.)

The Climax (1967)—Pietro Germi's comedy about an Italian lover-husband-father who loves not wisely but too well. Starring Ugo Tognazzi. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 24, tentative.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—An account of a Russian family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. In Russian. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 19.)

Day in the Country (1950)—Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 20-22.)

El (1955)—A variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting July 24.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier as a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also with Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 19.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's 1925 classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; July 20-23.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner in François Truffaut's film. In French. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 21.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

Luv (1967)—Clive Donner's version of Murray Schisgal's Broadway play, with Jack Lemmon, Peter Falk, and Elaine May. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 24.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; July 20-23.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 23-24.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting July 24.)

Port of Shadows (1938)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 23.)

Rashomon (1951)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 18.)

Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 24.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 20.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; July 18.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—Some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. In Italian and Swedish. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; starting July 24.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Regency, B'way at 67th, SC 4-3700.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowmen. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 23.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 22.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
THE GOLD RUSH, revival; and "The Further Perils of Laurel and Hardy," excerpts from some of their movies.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 23: "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans; and "The Important Man" (in Spanish), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From July 24: **BEDAZZLED**; and "The Day the Fish Came Out," revival, Tom Courtenay, Sam Wanamaker.

POCKET CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 13th. (YU 2-0155; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through July 19: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and "Dark Passage," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.
July 20-23: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and **HIGH SIERRA**, revival.
From July 24: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 23: **PLANET OF THE APES.**
From July 24: "The Secret War of Harry Frigg," Paul Newman, Sylva Koscina; and another feature, to be announced.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Secret Life of an American Wife," Walter Matthau, Anne Jackson.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"A Lovely Way to Die," Kirk Douglas, Sylva Koscina.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through July 23: "Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).
From July 24: "Inspector Clouseau," Alan Arkin.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PETULIA.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Story of a Three Day Pass" (in French and English).

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 21: "The Man with the Balloons" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Catherine Spaak.
From July 22: "Young Törless" (in German).

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68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
ELVIRA MADIGAN.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 22: "Wild in the Streets," Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones.
From July 23: "Isabel," Genevieve Bujold.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"The Green Berets," John Wayne, David Janssen.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Detective," Frank Sinatra.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
July 18: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** and **THE SOFT SKIN** (both in French and both revivals).
July 19-21: **ALPHAVILLE** (in French), revival; and "Before the Revolution" (in Italian), revival, Adriana Asti.
July 22: A program of underground films.
July 23-24: "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty; and "The Brig," revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 23: **BEDAZZLED**; and **SEBASTIAN.**
From July 24 (tentative): **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish); and **THE CLIMAX** (in Italian), revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 23: "The Death of the Ape Man," a Czechoslovakian film.
From July 24: **EL** and **LOS OLVIDADOS** (both in Spanish and both revivals).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
July 18: "Don't Raise the Bridge, Lower the River," Jerry Lewis, Terry-Thomas.
July 19-23: "Torture Garden," Jack Palance.
From July 24: "Anzio," Robert Mitchum, Peter Falk.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 23: **THE FOX**; and "The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), revival, Virna Lisi.
From July 24: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The Green Berets," John Wayne, David Janssen.

LYCEUM, 149 W. 45th. (JU 2-3877; evening performances only.)
July 18: **RASHOMON** (in Japanese), revival.
July 19: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival.
July 20: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival.
July 21: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival.
July 22: **YOJIMBO** (in Japanese), revival.
July 23: **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish), revival.
July 24: **SAPPHIRE**, revival.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE ODD COUPLE.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (in French).

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 21: "Survival 1967," Jules Dassin's film on the Israeli war.
From July 22: "Lost Sex" (in Japanese).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
NAZARIN (in Spanish).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through July 23: "Inadmissible Evidence," Nicol Williamson.
From July 24: "The Strange Affair," Michael York.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
ULYSSES, revival.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 19: **ACCIDENT**, revival; and **FAHRENHEIT 451**, revival.
July 20-22: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** and **DAY IN THE COUNTRY** (both in French and both revivals).
July 23-24: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival; and **BAY OF THE ANGELS** (in French), revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 23: **THE FOX**; and "Smashing Time," Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave.
From July 24: **IN COLD BLOOD**; and **LUV**, revival.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 18: **FAHRENHEIT 451**, revival; and **ALPHAVILLE** (in French), revival.
July 19: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.
July 20: "The Eagle" (silent), Rudolph Valentino, Vilma Banky; and "The Jazz Singer," Al Jolson.
July 21: "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival.
July 22: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival.
July 23: **PORT OF SHADOWS** (in French), revival; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.
July 24: **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival; and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

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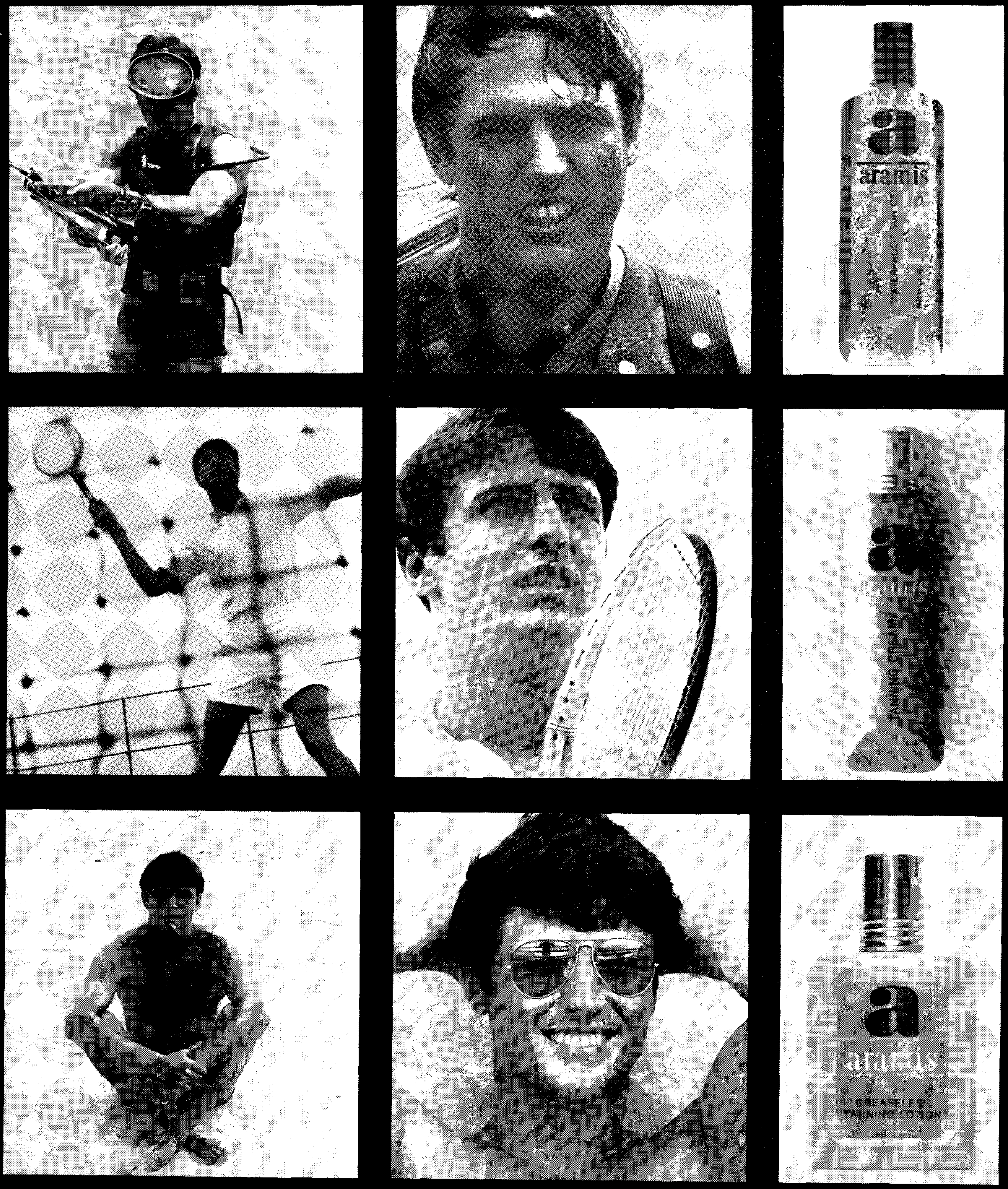
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WATERPROOF SUN GEL
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TANNING CREAM
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GREASELESS TANNING LOTION

Three new ways to get a tan–

and one new way to keep it.

1. Aramis Waterproof Sun Gel protects skin from wind, sea and spray. Tans while it takes the burn out of intense reflected sunlight. $3.75.
2. Aramis Tanning Cream promotes smooth healthy-looking color. Slips neatly into golf bag or racket case. $3.75.
3. Aramis Greaseless Tanning Lotion soaks into dry skin. For an active sportsman's look while you loaf. $3.75.
4. Aramis After Sun Rub conditions and moisturizes skin. Keeps tan from peeling, flaking or fading. $4.

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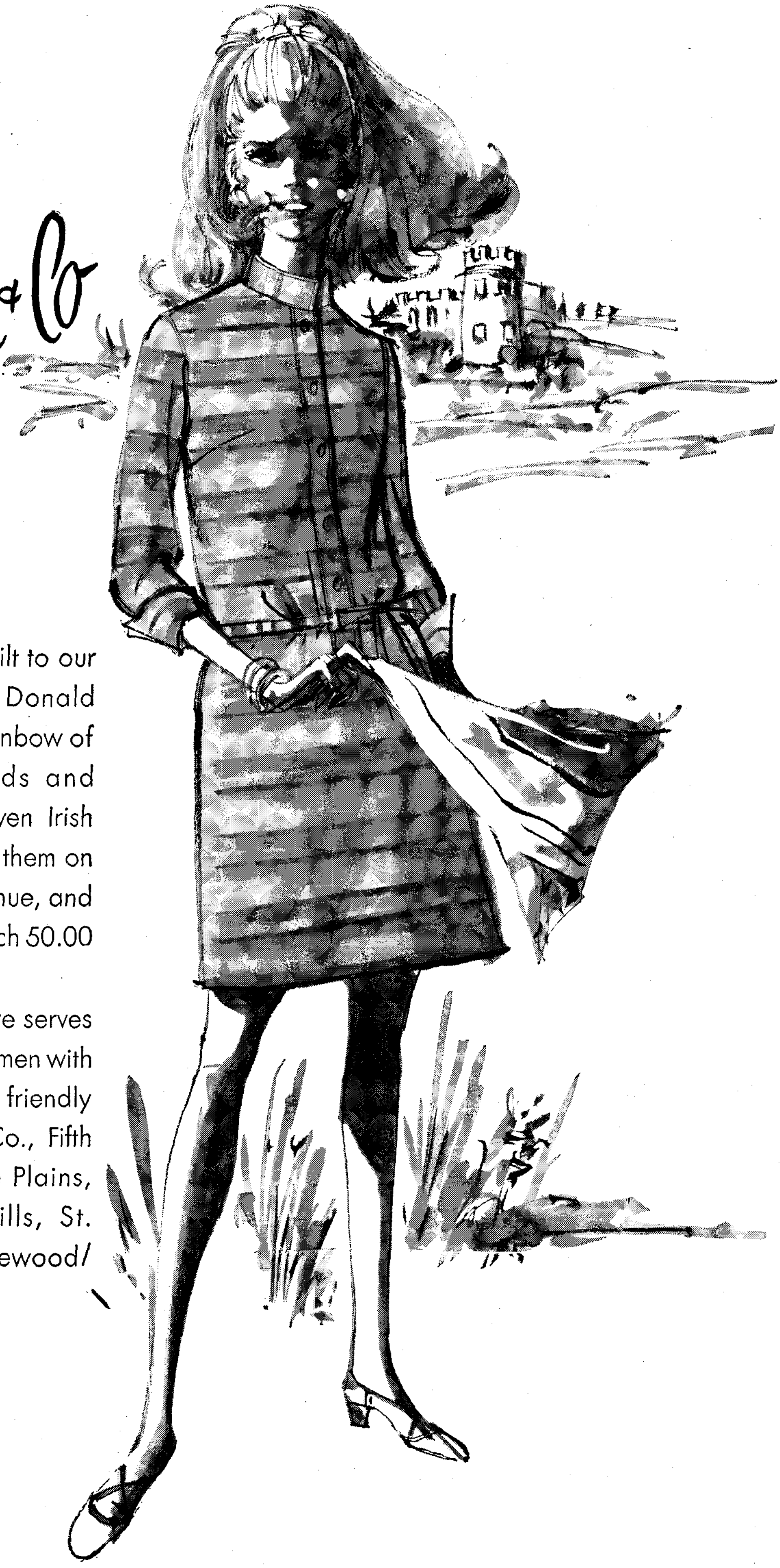


There's a lighthearted lilt to our Meadowbrook's® new Donald Davies collection. A rainbow of colors, stripes, plaids and checks, all in handwoven Irish tissue wool. You'll find them on our third floor, Fifth Avenue, and in our branch stores. Each 50.00

Fifth Avenue's great store serves New York's smartest women with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa., and Ridgewood/Paramus.

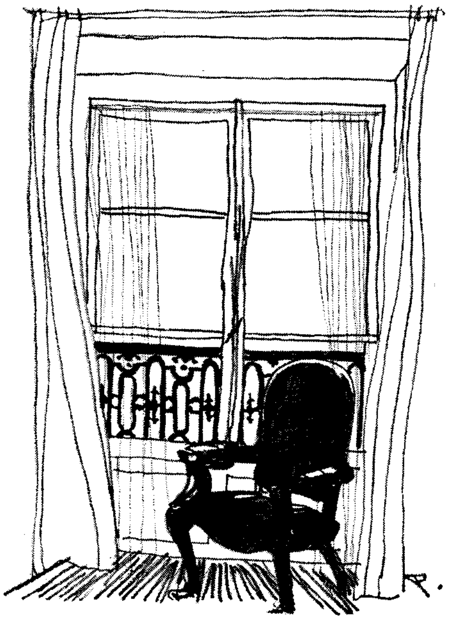
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE *Saturday Evening Post* took an advertisement in the New York *Times* the other day to announce that it had made a "decision based squarely on marketing considerations." The advertisement (cast in the "There'll Be Some Changes Made" mold traditionally associated with the *Post's* semiannual Radical Departure) was large and attractively arranged, and we gave it a careful reading. "Our Circulation," the headline read, "Is at an All-Time Low," and the gist of the text (which was packed with amusing and informative material having to do with the *Post's* cost per thousand) was that the *Post* had decided—basing the decision squarely on marketing considerations—to reduce its circulation from 6,800,000 to 3,000,000, weeding out (by what it called "meticulous methods") 3,800,000 tiresome readers who had been buying the *Post* but had not been buying (in impressive enough quantities) the things the *Post's* advertisers had been trying to sell them. This policy, the advertisement said, was designed to get the *Post* "out of the boxcar-number business and into station-wagon statistics." We are not absolutely sure what "the boxcar-number business" is, and we were certainly unaware that the boxcar-number business was the business the *Post* was in, but we have a fairly clear idea of what "station-wagon statistics" are, because there were quite a few scattered around in the advertisement. "Eighty per cent of the new rate base," the advertisement said (we are fairly certain that this is a station-wagon statistic), "will be delivered in A and B markets, and in zip code areas within these markets where families with the most desirable demographic profiles are concentrated." It went on to say, "The *Post* will focus on the prime markets, forget the rest."

We found all this hypnotic, and immediately began to wonder about our personal zip code—whether it placed us in an A or a B market, whether it was one in which families with the most desirable demographic profiles were concentrated, whether we ought to try and have it changed. Then we were awestruck by our own anxiety, for we realized that with a single stroke the *Post* had succeeded in introducing into publishing the concept (long important in banking and insurance circles) of the Bad Risk, and not only introducing the concept but *expanding* it. Bad Risks, we saw, are not just people who miss payments on their power mowers and crack up three cars a year. Bad Risks are people who cannot be counted on to buy things. We also saw that the world is crowded (perhaps overcrowded) with Bad Risks of this type. The *Post*, we feel, has dealt with one subclass of the type that has hitherto escaped notice—the freeloading reader, the inconsiderate and economically unviable person who buys magazines and newspapers for the information and entertainment he can get out of them, without ever considering that he has an obligation to buy the many lovely products advertised in their pages. But we are sure there are many other Bad Risks, taking advantage of other media, who are still undetected. We think it is probably just a matter of time before an ailing television series, weary of sales-resistant viewers, begins to flash little messages (legible or subliminal) on the screen suggesting that people with poor buying patterns tune out. In a technologically sophisticated society, it should be possible to develop a device that will do the tuning out for them. There will be (as there always are) some people who will carp at these developments, and whine about the Media's Responsibility to the Demographically Undesirable, and some people who will be put to a certain amount of trouble because of them (for instance, the man who keeps track of the Discontent in America will now have to add 3,800,000 disgruntled former *Post* subscribers to his list), but, as the *Post* says, "marketing men and media buyers agree that the *Post's* planned circulation change makes sense," and, after all, they know best.



Visconti

COUNT LUCHINO VISCONTI DI MODRONE, the celebrated Milanese director of stage, screen, and opera, was in town recently to supervise his production of Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" for the Rome Opera's visit to Lincoln Center, and to reacquaint himself, after a five-year absence, with a country he regards with a mixture of fascination and alarm. At sixty-one, Visconti (a direct descendant of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, the fourteenth-century Duke of Milan) is the senior member of a creative triumvirate that has dominated the Italian film world for the past twenty years. (The two others, of course, are Fellini and Antonioni.) The Visconti films "La Terra Trema," "Rocco and His Brothers," and "The Leopard," among others, reflect a serious preoccupation with social problems. After the Second World War, he helped introduce Italian theatre audiences to the work of Sartre, Williams, Miller, and Caldwell. The Visconti operas produced for Maria Callas at La Scala in the fifties made musical—and dramatic—history.

We dropped by the Metropolitan Opera one afternoon for a closer look at this formidable man, and found the Count—stocky, elegant, with heavy eyebrows, gunmetal hair, and the prominent nose of his fourteenth-century ancestor—seated in the auditorium checking lighting cues for the fourth act of "Figaro." (Although the opera had been extensively rehearsed in Rome, Visconti, a notorious perfectionist, had been relighting it since his arrival.) Onstage was a mysterious moonlit garden filled with crumbling stone monsters—a grotesque mask, a moss-covered sphinx, a tipsy giant holding a club. Two ladies in Banlon dresses (the Countess Almaviva and her impudent page, Cherubino) were moving in and out of the shadows, singing softly and checking their stage positions. A harpsichord tuner was at work in the orchestra pit, and a carpenter was hammering away in the wings. Mr. Visconti, oblivious of outside distractions, stared unhappily at the garden and asked Rudolph Kuntner, the house lighting expert, for more blue on the staircase and less pink on the giant.

"Take out the pink, Marty," Mr. Kuntner ordered through a microphone, "and bring up the lights slowly until he tells you to stop."

The lights increased in intensity until Mr. Visconti straightened up and said, "*Alt. Fermo là. Scriviamo.*"

"O.K., Marty," said Mr. Kuntner wearily. "Whatever you did just now is the new Cue 2. Mark it, please."

"*Quando viene l'alba, un po' rosca sul palazzo,*" said Mr. Visconti.

"The man wants a little pink on the palace for dawn, Marty," said Mr. Kuntner. "And bring me up the cloud slowly."

"*Poco, poco, poco,*" said Mr. Visconti, leaping out of his seat as the sky turned from blue to violet to pink. "*Ecco! Basta!* Stop! That's good!"

"Hold it there, and set up Act Three," said Mr. Kuntner.

During the break that followed, we introduced ourself to Mr. Visconti and made an appointment to talk to him after the première. "It is difficult when we arrive with three productions to be mounted in one week," he told us, in excellent English. "And then the head of the giant was knocked off coming in from the airport. But—'*fine di guerra.*' I hope to have everything in order."

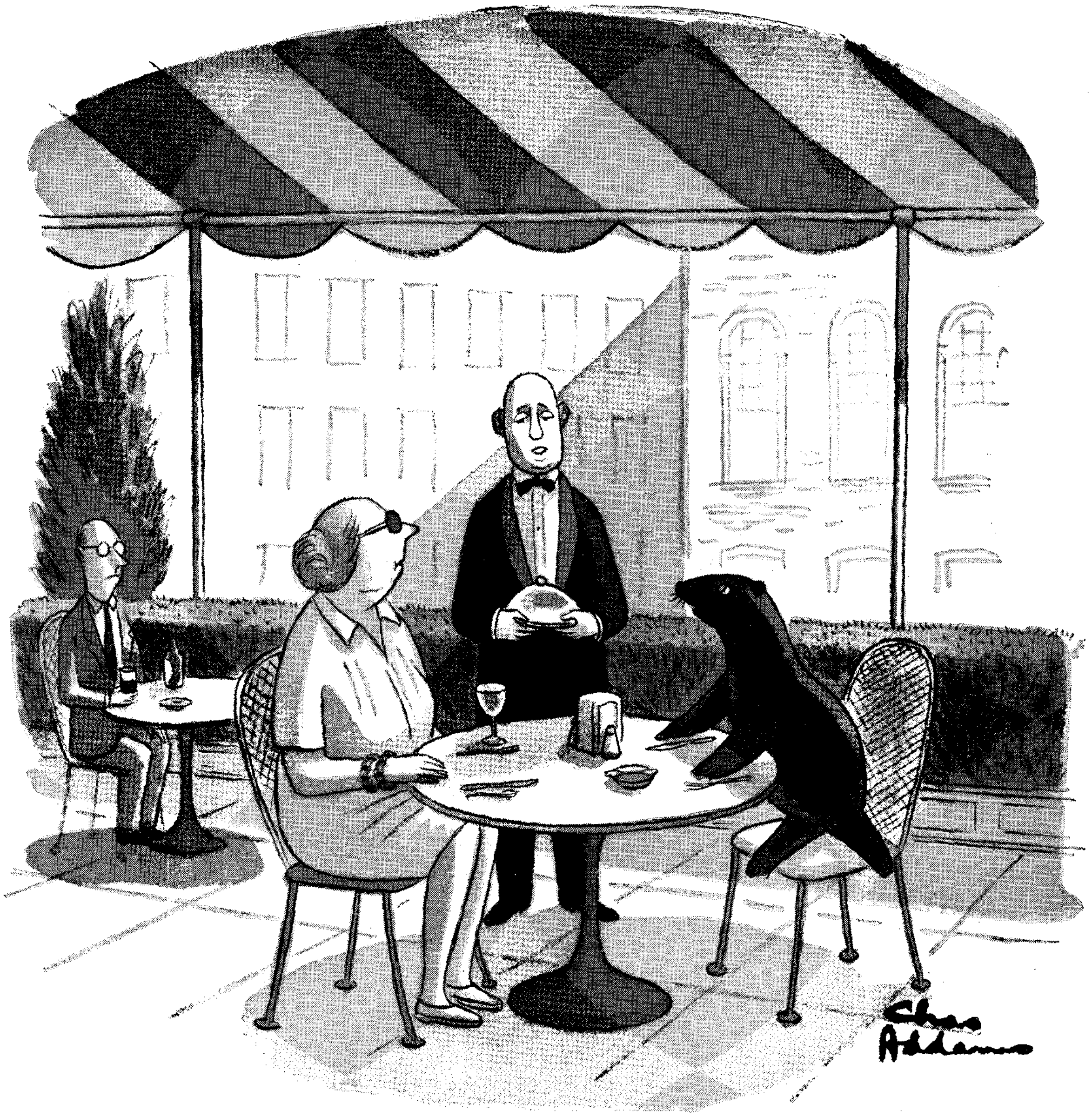
Our second encounter took place in the St. Regis Bar on the day after the newspaper reviews of "Figaro" had appeared. Visconti, who was holding court in one corner of the room, beckoned us over with a gesture worthy of a Roman emperor and informed us with amusement that he had been very pleased with the audience at the "*prima*" but a bit disappointed by the critics. "They misunderstood me completely," he said. "They write that my production takes place in the seventeenth century when in fact I put it in the eighteenth century, where Mozart and Beaumarchais intended it to be. The confusion arises, I think, because the characters are dressed in eighteenth-century costumes but the opera is set in the seventeenth-century summer villa of Count Almaviva. Perhaps my 'Figaro' has shocked people because it is the opposite of the usual Viennese-pastry-shop approach—pastel colors, closed-in rooms, Louis XV furniture, and ladies with absorbent cotton on their heads. Nobody wears a white wig in this production, because the aristocrats of that day never bothered to powder their hair in the country."

We asked the Count which of his films he preferred.

"I never like my work very much, you know," he replied, lighting one of his endless cigarettes. "I'm more satisfied with the films of other directors. But I think I feel most affectionate toward 'Rocco,' because it has survived more completely than some of the others. 'The Leopard,' which I made for an American company in 1963, was a disaster. In Europe, it remained my film, but here the English-language version was cut so badly that it became another thing. It is our destiny to be always in the hands of assassins! Everybody thinks we control the cutting, but this is not always true, because you can't follow a film around the world for the rest of your life. This is the most serious problem of film-making. We work for months and months to create material that is then torn to shreds by ravening dogs! One of the pleasures of opera is that nobody can ever cut what you do. You are attached to various conventions—the libretto, the music, the stage—but you have more control in the end. However, the Italian critics always write that when I make opera I make movies, and when I make movies I make opera."

We asked Visconti if he had had an opportunity to explore New York on this trip, and he replied that he had visited several museums and seen two plays—"Scuba Duba," which he found a bit old-fashioned, and "Hair," which pleased him very much. "It seems to be the correct interpretation of a kind of ferment that is boiling in the pot, as we say in Italian," he remarked. "And I have the impression that the ferment among young people here is more sincere, more authentic than elsewhere. I understand protest, but I didn't approve completely of what happened in France. What did he achieve, Cohn-Bendit? A greater advantage for General de Gaulle! Here you have a real war of protest going on. 'No war in Vietnam. We don't want to go'—this is concrete protest that I can understand. In Europe, the terms of the question are so complicated at the moment that not even Marx can help answer it."

We asked Visconti about future projects, and he told us that he was starting work on a film called "Götterdämmerung." "It is the story of a very rich family of German steel manufacturers—no, not the Krupps—who get involved with the Nazis," he said. "We begin with the burning of the Reichstag in 1933 and finish two years later, after everybody has come to a bad end. In it I try to say a lot of things about greed and the struggle for power. The issues in that period are exceptionally clear, because we all know what happened afterward." A second project, in the more distant future, is a film on Puccini, which will star Marcello Mastroianni as the composer and, Visconti hopes, Maria Callas as Maria Jeritza, the tempestuous Czech soprano who sang many of his operatic heroines. "It will not be a biography in the usual sense but a story of the crises in the life of a musician," Visconti said. "We begin with the funeral of Verdi—Puccini was there, you know—and end with the first performance of 'Turandot' in 1926, when Toscanini stopped the opera after the death of Liù and announced that Puccini had ended his work at this point. I was there that night, and I remember it very well. Everybody stood for a moment in absolute silence. Then we all left the theatre. Very slowly. Very sadly."



"Who ordered the fish?"

• •

Birthday

JOHN BURROUGHS, who succeeded and, in terms of output, outwrote Thoreau as a nature essayist, went to Washington in 1863, when he was twenty-six, where he became a clerk in the Treasury Department. He soon met Walt Whitman, eighteen years his senior, who was devoting himself to wounded soldiers, both Northern and Southern, in the local Army hospitals. For the next ten years, the two men took walks together in Rock Creek Park, and Burroughs accompanied his friend on ward tours, during which the poet read to the patients, helped care for them, and plied them with fruit, jelly, candy, and stationery. In 1867, Burroughs published his first book, "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person." In 1873, both of them left Washington—Whitman, after a stroke, to spend his nineteen remaining years as a semi-invalid in Camden, New Jersey, and Burroughs to buy a farm (where he built a house, naming it Riverby) in the Hudson River Valley. He also built a cabin, Slabsides, a few miles away, from which he sallied forth to observe wildlife, and in which he wrote about wildlife, at the rate of one book every two years until his death, in 1921, five days before his eighty-fourth birthday. Slabsides, which became a pilgrims' cynosure in Burroughs' day, has since been maintained as a public shrine by the John Burroughs Memorial Association, whose annual celebration of Burroughs' birthday we attended.

The celebration started out with a dinner for fifty-five at the Alden Hotel, on Central Park West, at which our neighbors included Edwin Way Teale, the naturalist, and Mr. Richard H. Pough, a conservationist who has been president of the Association and of the Linnaean Society of New York and the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, and is now president of the Natural Area Council and a director of the World Wildlife Fund.

"Of course, we were very much distressed at the Major Deegan Expressway's going through Van Cortlandt Park, though Robert Moses *did* make an effort to do minimum damage to the Van Cortlandt swamp and to provide access to the birds there," Mr. Pough was saying to the lady at his right as we sat down, during the fruit cocktail.

The lady asked Mr. Pough what he thought of the Georgia-Pacific Corporation's attitude toward redwoods (the company is engaged in a controversy with conservationists), and he pursed his lips. A few moments later, he remarked that he had just helped arrange for the World Wildlife Fund to buy twenty-three hundred acres in the Eagle Lake area of Texas, sixty miles west of Houston—thus preserving a virgin coastal prairie for the Attwater prairie chicken, a relative of the now extinct heath hen, and for the red wolf, both of which are threatened with extinction—but that it was difficult to get hunters interested in the conservation of anything except game.

"Could you do anything for duck hunters and have them do something for you?" the lady asked.

Mr. Pough let this one ride, but during the chicken (a non-prairie variety) he observed, as the conversation turned to billboards, that the only states that absolutely prohibit them are Hawaii and Vermont.

Dr. Dean Amadon, head of the department of ornithology of the Museum of Natural History and the current president of the Association, rose during the ice-cream cake and introduced Mr. Hal Borland, who won this year's Burroughs Medal for his nature book "Hill Country Harvest," and who has been a writer of nature editorials in the Sunday *Times* since 1942. Dr. Amadon went on to present Mr. Joseph W. Lippincott, Jr., Mr. Borland's publisher, who had journeyed from Philadelphia for the occasion.

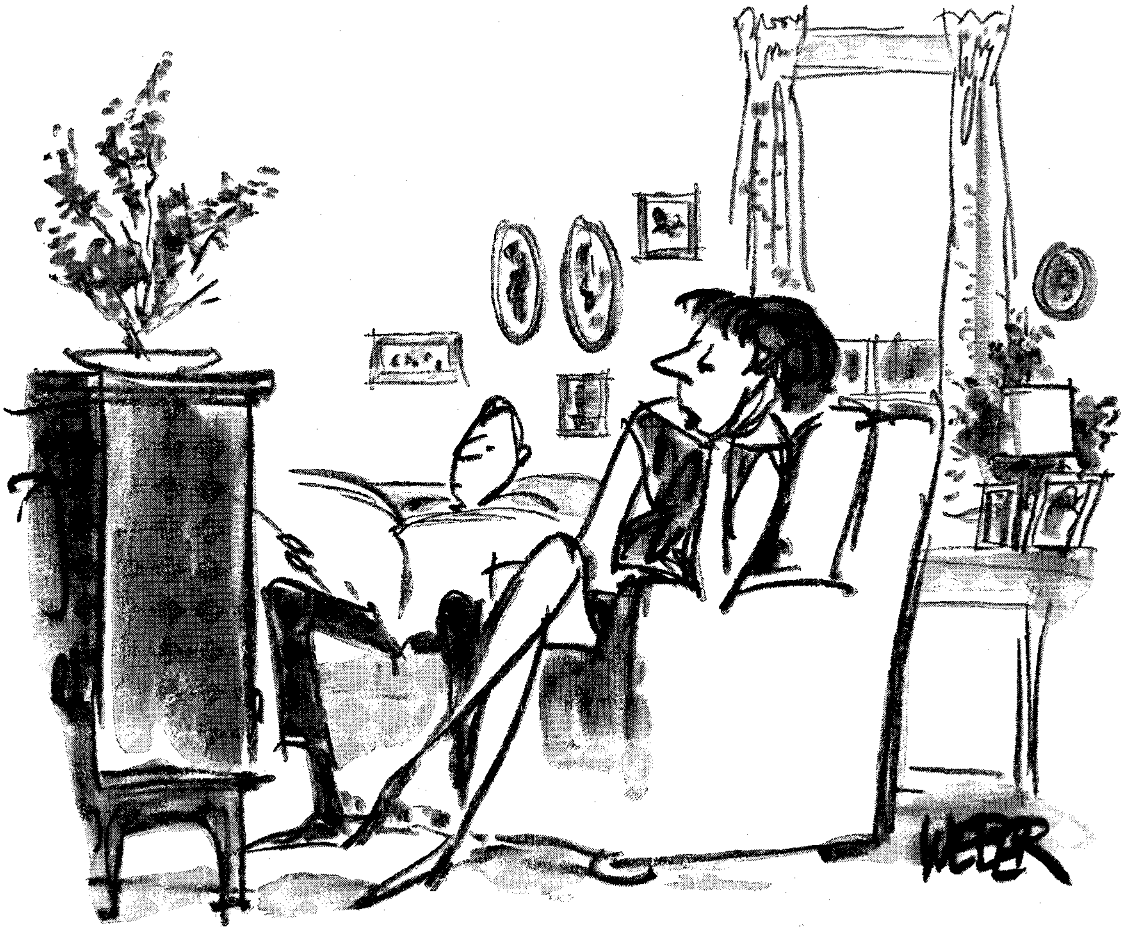
All hands presently travelled a few blocks south to the auditorium of the Museum of Natural History, where a color movie, "A Day with John Burroughs," depicted Burroughs, white-bearded and agile at eighty, showing the beauties of nature to three small, deferential children. Their mentor lifted a rock to expose scurrying beetles; he pointed to a fritillary butterfly on an aster, to a grasshopper licking its chops, and to a busy bee; he held a salamander in his palm. After the movie, Mrs. Elizabeth Burroughs Kelley, a Burroughs granddaughter, gave a slide-illustrated talk on her grandfather and Whitman. "Mrs. Burroughs baked cookies and pies for Whitman to take to the hospitals in Washington," she said. "During their stay there, the two men saw each other almost daily, and they subsequently exchanged visits for several years."

As the evening wound up, we heard a young man say to Miss Farida A. Wiley, the secretary-treasurer of the Association, "Burroughs invented Tarzan, didn't he?"

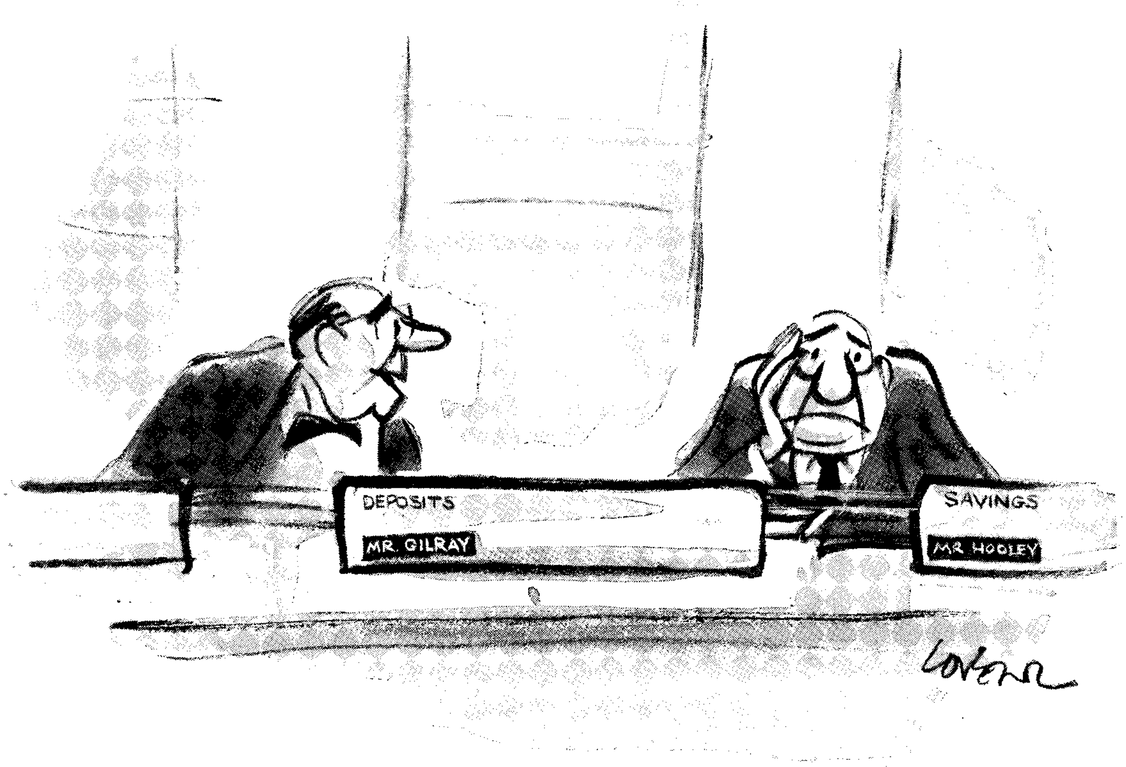
"Edgar *Rice* Burroughs," said Miss Wiley, giving him a look.

Telephone Revolution

EARLY last week, an organization called People for McCarthy ran newspaper advertisements urging voters who favor the Minnesota Senator's nomination to register their opinions by telephoning McCarthy for President Headquarters at Eighth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, and since then a marathon seven-thirty-in-the-morning-to-midnight call-in has been going on, which McCarthy supporters have dubbed the "Telephone Revolution." In order to bring you a progress report on this unorthodox political project, we went over to the headquarters a few days after it got under way. In a big room on the third floor, calls for the Senator were being taken by volunteers manning fifty telephones. The room was crowded and noisy, its windows were open, and hot, damp air was being circulated through it by a large floor fan. "McCarthy for President" banners and placards were hanging from the ceiling and on the walls, and there were dozens of hand-printed signs tacked up on partitions and bulletin boards. One of them read, "Kathy Ross is a very pretty slave driver." Another read, "We had two hundred calls between 7:30 A.M. and 8:30 A.M. with only ten telephone operators. We may have lost a lot of calls. Please sign up for early hours. Also all day Saturday and Sunday." A third read, "Volunteers, remember to call yourself. Have your friends call. Join the Telephone Revolution!" Many of the volunteers were in their teens or their early twenties, and several were elderly and white-haired. All of them who were manning the telephones were sitting elbow to elbow at long wooden tables near the windows, where, cocking their heads and cradling the telephone receivers between ear and shoulder, they were scribbling furiously on mimeographed information sheets. "Hello," said a dark-haired, miniskirted girl at one of the phones, who had just made room for herself at the table by pushing aside a carton of milk, a box of cookies, and a copy of "The Grapes of Wrath." "Thanks very much for speaking out for Senator McCarthy. May I have some information?" She then took down the caller's name, address, and phone number. Afterward, she asked if the caller was a registered voter, if he favored an open Convention, if he was for McCarthy, if he would support Vice-President Humphrey should he become the nominee, if he wished to volunteer free time for the McCarthy campaign, if he would call three friends and urge them, in turn, to call McCarthy headquarters, and if he wished to make a contribution to the McCarthy campaign. Then she dropped the information sheet in a collection box in the middle of the table, sipped some milk, nibbled at a cookie, and took another call. "Hello," she said. "Thanks so much for speaking out for Senator McCarthy. May I have some information?"



"Ah, summertime! Robert Potts is sitting in for Jim Jensen, who is sitting in for Harry Reasoner, who is sitting in for Walter Cronkite, who is on vacation."



"Relax, Ed. Even if these New Left guys take over, they'll still have to sock it away somewhere."

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At this point, we introduced ourself to Miss Geraldine Carro, an attractive blue-eyed blonde in her middle twenties who is on the staff of the McCarthy campaign. Miss Carro told us that in April she spent ten days of her vacation—she is a reporter for *Newsweek*—working for McCarthy in the Wisconsin primary, and that she had taken a leave of absence from her job at the beginning of May to work for the Senator full-time. "The aim of the Telephone Revolution is to insure an open Democratic Convention in August by making visible the widespread grass-roots support that we believe exists for McCarthy," she said. "So far, the response to our appeal has been overwhelming. On the first day, which was just a tryout, we received seventy-seven hundred calls. On the second day, we got eighty-five hundred, and today it's running thirty or forty per cent ahead of that. Most of the people calling in disapprove strongly of the way Senator McCarthy was treated by the New York State Democratic Committee meeting two weeks ago. They feel that their political opinions and preferences have not been heard, and they seem terribly anxious and determined to express them. In a way, you see, the Telephone Revolution is an outpouring of anger and frustration. It's also a tremendous electronic petition."

Miss Carro went on to say that so many people have volunteered to work for the Telephone Revolution that it has been difficult to keep track of them. "Some come in for an hour or two, others sit down and stay with it all day long," she said. "From seven-thirty to nine in the morning, many of our volunteers are professional people on their way to work. From nine until six, the young crowd arrives, and from six until midnight we get a lot of older people who have finished their jobs. It's a terribly chaotic operation, but somehow it's working very well. When the collection boxes on the tables fill up, the information sheets are gathered into bunches of a hundred and culled for donation pledges, and the people sitting over there by the wall address envelopes containing pledge cards and send them out. Then all the sheets are sent downstairs, where a master tally is made of the information they contain. So far, we've received very few crank or negative calls. Most people are overwhelmingly for McCarthy, and almost everyone is in favor of an open Convention, which is not surprising, considering the nature of our appeal. What is surprising is the response to the question of whether the callers will support Vice-President Humphrey if he gets the nomination. Come with me, and you can see for yourself."

Miss Carro led us down a flight of stairs to the second floor, past a room where half a dozen volunteers were opening envelopes containing checks and cash contributions, and into another room, where fifteen or twenty people were busy tabulating the information sheets. "Look at this," Miss Carro said, picking up a master tally sheet. "Out of one thousand and two people who have phoned in so far today, six hundred and seventy say they will not support Humphrey if he gets the nomination. Two hundred and sixty-three are undecided about the matter, and only sixty-nine indicate that they will support him. These tabulations are going to be double-checked by an impartial research firm, and then we'll announce the results."

On our way back upstairs, Miss Carro told us that, in addition to the telephone appeal, an extensive letter-writing campaign was being instituted, so that voters could express their support for McCarthy to Democratic county chairmen and to the Convention delegates. "We're setting up letter-writing tables throughout the city and state and equipping them with kits containing paper, envelopes, and lists of the delegates and their addresses," she said. "The idea is to have the voters write their letters on the spot." Stopping at a desk, Miss Carro picked up a stack of letters. "Here are some that were written this afternoon at a table we put out on the sidewalk near the Coliseum," she said. We leafed through them, noting one that read, "This will be the first election I will be voting in, and if McCarthy doesn't get a fair shake it will be the last." When we finished glancing through the letters, Miss Carro smiled and said that People for McCarthy was planning to spread the Telephone Revolution and the letter-writing campaign to every corner of the country. "It's the only way," she said. "We've got to demonstrate a mountain of popular opinion that no delegate can afford to ignore." Behind her, the dark-haired girl in the miniskirt was still talking into the phone. "Are you for an open Convention?" she asked. "Are you for McCarthy?"

BABUSHKA

THE engine checked the headlong plunges of its piston rod and drew up at the wayside halt with loud, impatient blasts, while one passenger, a woman with a rucksack strapped to her shoulders and a bulging briefcase at her side, stepped out of the train. Before she was fairly off, the engine gave her a friendly jolt: *Have you forgotten anything*? Not a hope!

The woman, young really but worn-looking, stood on the not-platform to watch the train disappear screaming round the curve with an insolent flick of its last coach. The tracks at her feet stretched from nowhere to nowhere, and Irina seemed to have become part of the stillness, like the telegraph poles and the signal box, or perhaps more like the cart wheel leaning against the iron strut of the signal box. The wheel had been there so long that a seedling yew had thrust its crown between the spokes, but it was not a permanent part of the landscape; at any moment somebody might come and trundle it away. Irina, not being made of wood or steel, had to move under her own power, so she shifted the leather straps of her rucksack and crossed the line.

The countryside waited with furled flags for the approach of spring; tufts of grass, limp and bleached as prisoners of war, straggled through melting snow. Only the black-and-white stems of the birch trees wore a festive air; all through the winter they had believed spring would soon be back, and now here it almost was.

Irina's thoughts turned around the train she had just left. Cares will grow on any soil, and the journey had nourished hers. The passengers, a few old men and women, had started talking the moment the train left Moscow, and Irina had taken every word they said to heart, for their theme was the ingratitude of children. They mangled it, strophe and antistrophe, the whole way. In summer, when town people travel back and forth to the country, there is little or no general conversation, but the few passengers on suburban trains in winter, simple folk in rough clothes, huddle together instinctively and talk more to strangers they will never see again than they ever do to their families and neighbors. When the complaints began, Irina had expected to hear the usual accusations of drunkenness and dissipation, but the talk was all of the indifference to their parents of student sons and daughters.

"You feed them and clothe them, and nurse them when they're sick," the old women chanted, "and they go to their colleges and get married, and forget all about you till they need you to dandle their babies." "All they think of is their pleasure," chanted the old men. "They forget how we had to work early and late so they could study." A middle-aged man in a quilted jacket glanced censoriously from above round spectacles at Irina, bent over her book in a corner. Voices were timidly lifted in defense of learning: What about the Metro? It took learning to think up that one, didn't it? My daughter is a radio announcer, and a better daughter you couldn't wish for.

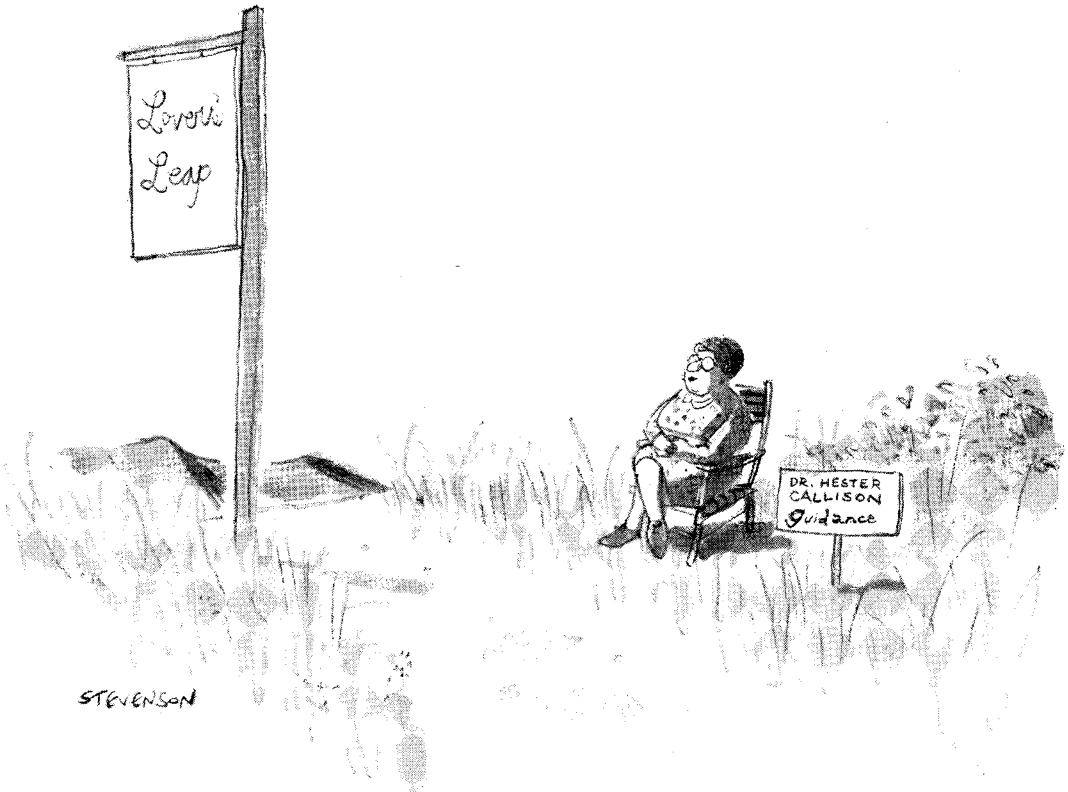
But it was the wails of the malcontents that pursued Irina as she trudged over melting snow and slippery clay through a tangle of bushes. Some birds maintained an intermittent shouting and Irina thought they, too, were reproaching her, though of course birds are never expected to do a thing for their parents. And yet, she kept reminding herself, *she* had not been the one to suggest that her mother-in-law stay behind. Had she not repeatedly urged her to go back to town with them at the end of the summer? It had been Nikolai who said his mother knew what she wanted. It wasn't as if they were leaving her with strangers; they had been summering with Praskovya Egorovna seven years now. And nobody had worked harder than Irina to see that Babushka had everything she needed. She had taught Praskovya Egorovna how to give subcutaneous injections, and Babushka declared that she did it quite as well as the district nurse; she had left Praskovya Egorovna the telephone numbers of the local hospital and the flat in town; she had seen to it that there was a supply of digitalis drops on the top of the chest of drawers; and she had fully intended to visit Babushka every week. But what with one thing and another—Vova and Mashenka down with the measles, Nikolai's lecture tour, the almost intolerable burden imposed on a wife and mother who is at the same time a wage earner—she had only managed three visits the whole winter.

Clutching her burden of guilt to her, Irina was at the bank of the river before she saw it. Never before had she seen it so full and swift. The last time she was here, it was frozen hard, with snow piled on its surface, a mere undulation in the blanketed landscape. In the summer, as Irina knew it best, the water scarcely covered its stony bed and children played in its coves, paddling out to reefs and islets. Piles had been sunk for a bridge long ago, but today the *only* way to cross was by primitive ferryboat. The watchful ferryman had already spied her from his hut a few yards away, and Irina reflected that the bridge would put him out of work, only he might be dead by the time it was ready. Nor could she repress the reflection that Babushka would certainly never see the bridge. And the three thoughts, coming one after the other, were like the planning of three crimes, linked each to each. The old man now came shambling into sight, closely followed by a duck. His name was Vasili Ivanich, and the name of the duck was Vaska. Vaska was locally regarded as assistant ferryman. When Vasili Ivanich died, *Vaska* would be out of a job, and that was something else to worry about.

Vaska stopped just short of the ferry and launched his curved breast on the water; he then dived briefly, and emerged almost at Irina's feet. Vasili Ivanich waited courteously for Irina to seat herself before he began to haul with the deceptive languor of the expert at the waist-high cable slung across the river. The slow, imperious movements of his hands summoned a hidden landscape into view: a tracery of paths up the slope of the opposite bank, wooden houses rising and subsiding like the cogs of a mill wheel, a leafless coppice expanding and contracting with the gentle undulations of the ferry, and suddenly—just when Irina expected to see Praskovya Egorovna's house—the whitewashed wall of the school. Irina had to reinstate this wall in her memory every time, and the lapse always vexed her (after all, she was supposed to be a topographer). When the gnarled hands released the cable, ferryboat, trees, and buildings came to a stand with a soft bump.

Some children playing on the bank tossed obviously inedible husks toward Vaska, who stood uncertainly at the water's edge but turned away after a single beak-thrust in their direction. Touched by what seemed to her a look of disappointment in the round, high-placed eye, Irina groped in her briefcase and threw a fragment of sweet cracker. It fell on the ribby orange webbing of one splayed foot; Vaska recognized this as the real thing without having to look, and scooped it up in his flat beak before slipping onto the water and propelling himself frantically after the departing ferry. The children left their play to stand and eye Irina in silence, scarcely answering her cheerful greeting. They were three little girls and a swathed baby strapped onto a sled.

Irina pulled another cracker out of her briefcase. She tried to find the baby's hand among its shawls, but, changing her mind, gave the whole packet to one of the watching children, who deftly fitted a cracker into the baby's mittened grasp. All breathed "*Spasibo!*" in chorus. One even smiled. Only the baby, who was the soul of honor, munched on the cracker in complete independence of spirit. "*Dosvidanya!*" Irina said, and braced herself for the climb. And they all removed the crackers from their lips, to echo "*Dosvidanya!*" All but the baby, who munched on in silence.



Irina was prepared to see the bench farther up the slope—just a plank nailed to sawed-off logs—but for a moment she did not recognize it in the fairy banqueting table spread at her feet. It was covered for about a third of its length by a strip of coarse linen on which were neatly laid rounds of cardboard, each holding a tiny mud pie centered in a ring of scarlet berries, each with an acorn cup propped beside it; at the ends stood medicine bottles half filled with pink and blue liquids, and the centerpiece was a candle end on a scrap of tinfoil. Fascinated by the unexpected radiance and the spirit of loving care hovering over all, Irina stood gazing. Then once more she adjusted the straps of her rucksack on aching shoulders and took the hill with resolute steps. At the crest of the slope, she looked back. The sled had been pulled up to the bench, and two of the children were now squatting in front of the banqueting table; the third had taken off her shawl and stood holding it like a hammock. A ray from the setting sun touched her flaxen head to gold. The others plunged their hands into the shawl, bringing them back with small dark objects (twigs?), which they tossed contemptuously aside. Suddenly one of them punched the shawl from below, and the twigs (if twigs they were) flew up and scattered on the ground. A quarrel, Irina thought uneasily, and was relieved when shrill laughter sprayed and sank. The owner of the shawl shook it vigorously and bound it over her head and shoulders. Their movements became private and purposeful, as if they were weaving a nest, and Irina stepped out, pursued by the sound of their amicable twitterings.

ALMOST before Irina was in the room, her mother-in-law was asking her if she had brought Volume III. Olga Dmitrievna was sitting up in bed chopping dark crinkly leaves of parsley on a board. On the night table, a large book that Irina recognized as "The Home Cook's Best Friend" lay open, and a corner of one of the blue volumes of Tolstoy's collected works showed under a pillow—Volume II, which Babushka had nearly finished.

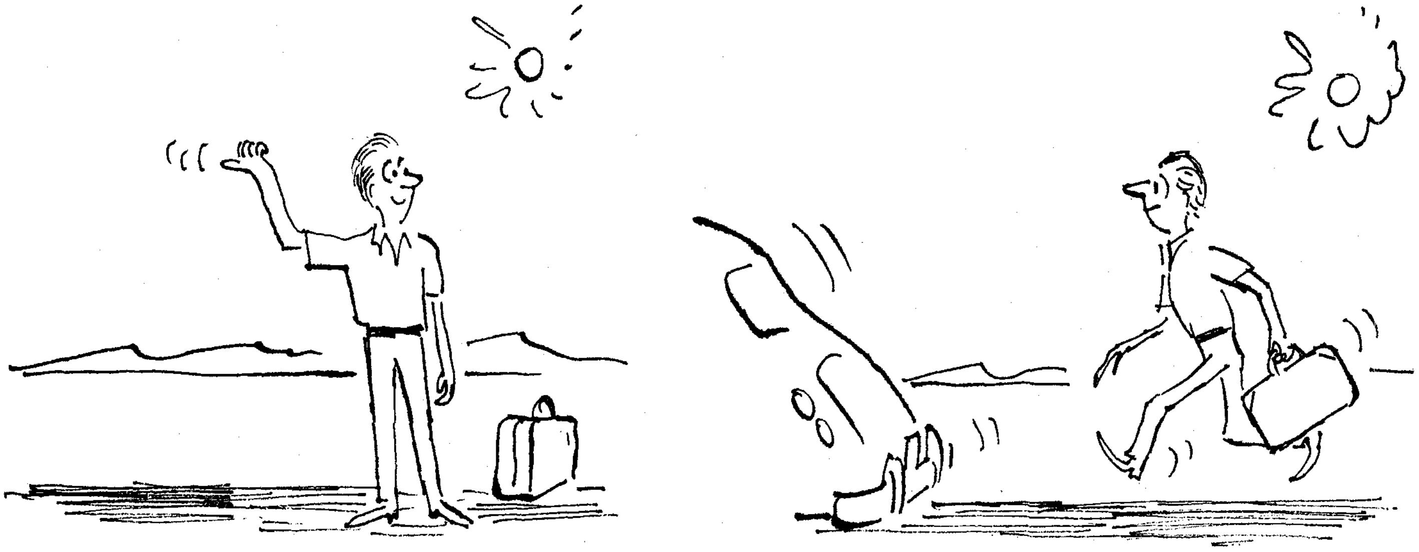
Olga Dmitrievna had an insatiable appetite for information. She wanted to know about Vova's exams, and whether Mashenka had grown; she must hear all about the new branch of the Metro. She took delight in the thought of trains into which she would never step, asked how Irina had crossed the river, and was vexed to hear that the bridge was not ready yet.

Praskovya Egorovna brought two plates of soup and slices of dark bread on a wooden platter. Olga Dmitrievna sprinkled the chopped parsley over the soup and sat up without touching the pillows. Praskovya Egorovna came in again with potatoes for them to eat with the fragments of meat lurking in the depths of the soup. While they were eating, Irina told her mother-in-law about the children she had seen playing on the bank of the river. Olga Dmitrievna brought the palms of her withered hands together with a hollow thud. "Wait! After she takes away the things, I'll show you something!"

Irina produced a lemon from her briefcase and went to the kitchen to make tea. When she came back with a steaming glass on a saucer in each hand, she found her mother-in-law on her feet beside the bed, looking vaguely round the room. "What are you looking for, Mama?" she asked reproachfully. "Do let me get it!" But purpose came back into the old eyes. Olga Dmitrievna stooped with alarming abruptness and dragged a suitcase from under the bed. After some fumbling, she brought out a flat cardboard box, and sank heavily onto the side of the mattress. Irina pushed her gently against the pillow and pulled up the sheet. "You're awful, Mama."

Olga Dmitrievna silently handed her the box, stroking the lid with her fingertips to indicate that Irina was to open it. She did so, and a rich feast was spread before her enchanted gaze—a lobster intensely scarlet on its oval dish, a bunch of grapes on a *compotier*, a trussed chicken, a scaly trout, an embossed golden jelly, and a three-inch highly varnished French roll.

Olga Dmitrievna held open the lid of the box, enjoying her daughter-in-law's ecstatic admiration. "I played with them myself when I was a little girl," she said. "Our Miss Pollock brought them from Leeds. Look!" She closed the lid and held the box upside



down for Irina to read the inscription on the other side: *For my sweet little pupil from her fond "Miss Allie."* "Kolya played with them. He was very careful; not one is missing. When the lobster came off, he pretended to let it nibble from the other plates, but in the evening he glued it back on its dish. You can give them to those children you saw playing house. I meant them for Mashenka's birthday, but she'd only lose them. Besides, she has everything."

"And if I don't see them?" Irina asked jealously. The exquisite morsels were too precious to be allowed to go out of the family. And Nikolai had played with them.

"You can keep them till the next time you come," Olga Dmitrievna said placidly.

A taste of imperfectly digested antagonisms curdled on Irina's tongue; she could remember days when that tone of calm authority had brought tears of rage into her eyes. Even now, Olga Dmitrievna's olympian complacency, her firm assurance that she would be obeyed, had the power to irritate her daughter-in-law.

The old voice droned on. "Perhaps the new bridge will be ready by then, and the truck won't have to go all that way round." She closed her eyes and Irina wondered if she had fallen asleep, but she opened them suddenly to say sharply, "Not that I mean you to go to the trouble of a Moscow funeral. I intend to be buried in the village. Praskovya Egorovna knows what to do. Tell Kolya."

She turned her head on the pillow, and this time Irina saw that she really had fallen asleep. She looked about the room to see if there was anything to do for her mother-in-law before leaving. A candle and a box of matches stood on the chest of drawers, and she removed them to the night table, unconsciously digging her teeth into her underlip. More guilt. Kolya had spent hours fixing the overhead lamp and nailing a cord to the wainscoting so that Babushka could turn the switch without effort, only to discover that the flat prongs of the new fixture would not go into the round holes of the outlet; he had bought a new plug, but it still lay in its wrappings in the drawer of Irina's desk, and if Babushka was burned to death one day it would be Irina's fault. She tiptoed to the door, but was brought back by a sound from the bed.

Olga Dmitrievna had opened her eyes and was looking at her daughter-in-law from the pillow. "Put those library books on the night table," she said a little thickly. "I promised to get them labelled by tomorrow." Irina took a few calico-bound volumes from the chest of drawers and set them on the table. "And my fountain pen," came the insistent old voice, "and the labels. They're in the top drawer at the very back. Have you left me matches?"

"Everything, Mama." Irina bent to kiss the loose silky skin on the old cheek. "Good night, Mama. Sleep well. I'll be back ever so soon. Next week."

There was a glitter between the almost closed lids, but Babushka neither answered nor moved to show that she had felt the routine caress, heard the routine promise.

Irina opened the kitchen door to say goodbye to Praskovya Egorovna. "I didn't like to take away the matches," she said in a low voice. Praskovya Egorovna assured her she'd take them away herself before going to bed. Babushka could knock on the wall if she wanted anything in the night. "You won't forget?" Irina said anxiously. Praskovya Egorovna asked her if she thought she wanted her house set on fire, and this was final reassurance.

In the darkening village street, Irina stopped a little girl—she thought it was the fair-haired one who had taken off her shawl. "Were you and two other little girls playing house on the riverbank when I passed?" she asked.

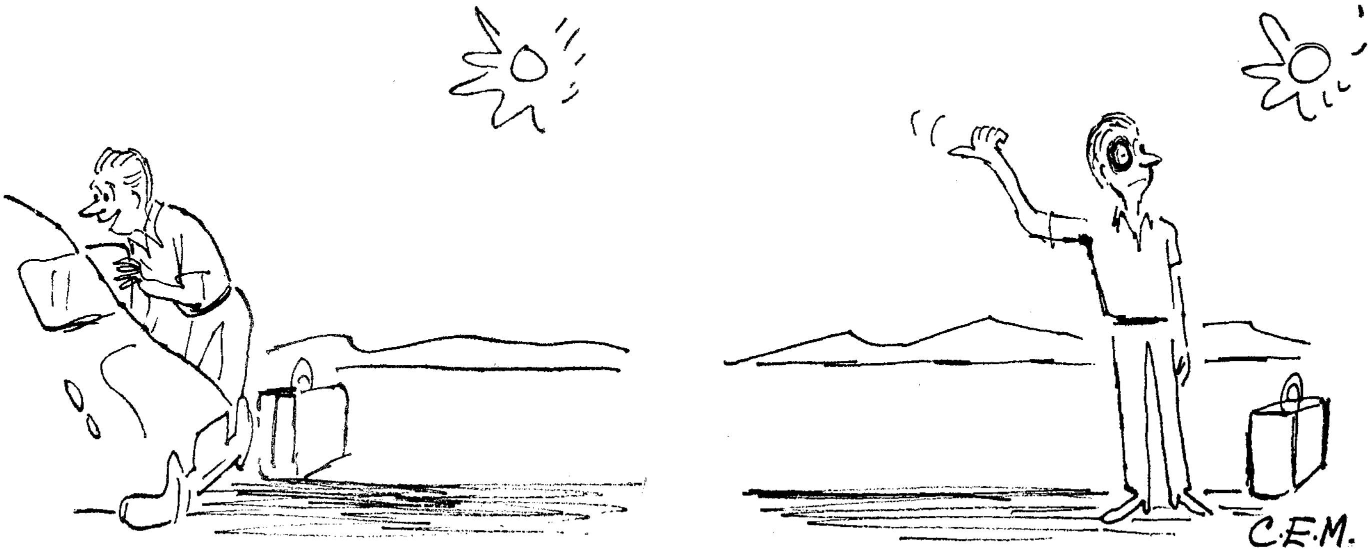
Pale eyes danced under pale brows. "We were playing weddings." (*A wedding feast! Oh, how right!*)

Irina took the flat parcel out of her briefcase and handed it to the child. "Babushka—Vova's and Mashenka's *babushka*—sends you this for your dinner table."

The little girl accepted the parcel listlessly, murmured "*Spasibo*" from the folds of her shawl, and went on her way without a look at Irina.

Irina could not help thinking of the vociferous delight with which her own children received presents, forgetting how quickly their interest failed and how soon the new toy was lost or broken. A high-pitched cry made her turn. The little girl had broken into a trot, the parcel held high over her head, and was calling to shawled figures starting from adjacent wicket gates. "Dusya! Nadya! Come and see what I got!"

SHEAFED buds were on the lilac bushes in the squares, tulips were being sold at the kerb, and still Irina had not found time to get to the country again. She knew from Praskovya Egorovna's faithful weekly postcard that Babushka was all right, and any day now the whole family would be going to the dacha for the summer. Last year's bathing trunks and cotton vests had been hunted out, new sandals bought for Vova and Mashenka, the lid of the basket in which the cat Murka travelled found and tied on with string. It only remained to order the



"Are you air-conditioned?"

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truck for them all to go down to the dacha, with the tables and chairs, the pots and pans, and the new refrigerator. The hiring of a truck was Nikolai's business, but every evening when he came home from work he brought news of postponement. One day he had not had a moment to get to the telephone; another time there had been so much to do at the office it had gone completely out of his mind; the telephone had been engaged all day; or nobody answered from the garage. Nikolai said this dacha business was an antiquated survival, more trouble than it was worth. Next summer, the children should go to Pioneer Camp and he and Irina would go to a Crimean rest house.

Rather to Irina's dismay, the children capered with delight. "And Babushka?" she asked.

"We'll take Babushka with us."

One question sobered the children: What would they do with Murka?

This summer, at any rate, they were committed to the dacha, and there came an evening when Nikolai told them the truck would be at the door at nine o'clock the next morning. The children were called in from their play in the yard and sent to wash their hands for supper. "Hurry up! We're going to the dacha tomorrow!"

When they were all seated round the table, Irina noticed that Mashenka was holding Murka on her knees under the table. "Put Murka down this instant!" Irina said.

Mashenka obeyed almost at once, after giving Murka a kiss on her stripy peaked head. "Murka smells of feet," she said dreamily, and was sent to wash her hands again.

"It's not Murka's fault she has to sleep in the boot cupboard," Vova said.

"Never mind, Murka'll be smelling of buttercups soon," said Nikolai, who was fond of Murka.

The talk at supper was all of the move. Vova boasted he would go swimming with the older boys this summer, Mashenka thought of the new kid that was to be Dusya's reward for feeding the goats all winter. They wondered if Dusya and Nadya still had Babushka's dinner set. Irina had told them about the wedding feast on the riverbank, and now she could not resist improving the occasion. "Of course they have. Village children appreciate their toys." She turned suddenly to her husband. "Don't you think we ought to send Praskovya Egorovna a telegram to say we're coming, Kolya?"

Before Nikolai could answer, Vova said, "Praskovya Egorovna called up."

"Oh, Vova, and you never told us! What did she want?"

"She wants certificates."

"What for?"

Vova began counting on his fingers. "One, a certificate from the doctor. Two, a certificate from the pensions office. Three, a certificate from the housing office—"

"Vova! Did she say anything about Babushka?"

"She said she needed the certificates for Babushka."

Irina and Nikolai exchanged glances over the children's heads. Nikolai half started up in his seat.

"Wait!" Irina said wildly. "What else did she say?"

"She said she must have the certificates at once. She needs them for the funeral."

Nikolai sprang to his feet and pounded out of the room.

"Where are you going?" Irina cried. "It's too late to do anything tonight."

But Nikolai was out of the house almost before she finished speaking. They heard the front door slam. It was as if he had rushed away at a call from Babushka.

But Babushka was dead—even Mashenka understood that. "Only," she said when her mother came to kiss her good night, "I'm not quite sure if I know what dead means."

"It means there is no more Babushka. She has gone away from us."

"But she hasn't really, has she?" Mashenka corrected gently. "Papa's gone to see her, hasn't he?"

Vova put in his word from his bed on the other side of the room. "She can't move. That's what being dead means—you can't move."

NIKOLAI called Irina up from his office, telling her to keep the truck till the coffin came from the undertaker's; it could go with the other things. Irina did her best not to give away by her answers what they were talking about; she could see that Vova was bursting with curiosity. Morbid curiosity, she thought severely, and was glad to get both children off to her sister's, not wanting them to see the coffin being unloaded at the dacha with the refrigerator. The funeral was fixed for the next day. Nikolai would go down on the truck to show the driver the way over the bridge, finished at last, and Irina would have to get in touch with the textile plant where Babushka had worked for thirty years and go in the train with any relatives or old friends who might wish to attend.

At the graveside, Irina heard her mother-in-law praised for qualities that never yet won love—punctuality, conscientiousness, diligence—qualities she must have shared with hundreds of her comrades in the plant, where she was still remembered by a few aging people. An old man with a leonine head and baby-blue eyes said simply, “The deceased gave us a lot of trouble on the works committee. She would have her way.” This, too, was praise, everyone knew; it was not for herself Olga Dmitrievna had wanted anything.

Back at the house, the mourners downed their short drinks of vodka and munched flaky *piroshki* (the minuscule meat pies that are dropped into clear soup or eaten alone as snacks) with murmurs of approbation. “She was a good woman in every sense of the word,” one said. “After all, seventy-six is a good age nowadays,” said another. There seemed a danger of the funeral orations beginning all over again. But it soon became obvious that most of the mourners, especially those from Moscow, were really only wondering how soon they could escape with decency, and pious sentiments were checked by thoughts of the timetable.

Praskovya Egorovna wanted Irina to stay and look through Olga Dmitrievna's possessions, and Irina herself was glad of an excuse to avoid the journey back to town in company, with the necessity of talking against the rattle of the train, but she could see that Nikolai was longing to get away. “Go,” she said. “The children will be alone. I'll come as soon as I can.”

“YOU didn't bring Vova and Mashenka,” said Praskovya Egorovna.

“We thought they were too little for funerals,” Irina said apologetically.

“She was a good grandmother to them,” said Praskovya Egorovna. “She was always thinking of them. The last thing she did was mend the doll Mashenka left in the closet. We found one of its legs on the dustheap, and stuck it on. It was Olga Dmitrievna's last request, and we fulfilled it.”

She brought out a bundle of odds and ends. As Irina loosened the knot, “The Home Cook's Best Friend” fell out. She picked it up and handed it to Praskovya Egorovna. “Keep this in memory of her.”

Praskovya Egorovna blew her nose respectfully and fingered a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles wrapped in a clean handkerchief. “Could I keep these?” Noticing a shade of hesitation on Irina's face, she added quickly, “Perhaps you or Nikolai Stepanovich need them. Or you may want them for when the children grow up.”

Irina hastened to assure her that neither she nor her husband could have any possible use for the glasses and that they had no intention of making an heirloom of them. Praskovya Egorovna might not have believed the reason for her moment's hesitation—that nobody ought to use another person's glasses without consulting an oculist.

Other relics were disposed of, and a small parcel of books—the volume of Tolstoy Olga Dmitrievna had been reading in up to the day of her death, a book of Ukrainian fairy tales, some odd numbers of *Novy Mir*—was wrapped in paper and tied up with string for Irina to take back to town. A polite argument over Olga Dmitrievna's flowered flannelette dressing gown, which Irina tried to press on Praskovya Egorovna and Praskovya Egorovna said might come in useful for Irina, was settled by Irina's taking it out of her rucksack at the last moment and laying it on the bed while Praskovya Egorovna was out of the room. Some neatly folded nylon hair ribbons came out with the dressing gown, and Irina tucked them into the pockets. They would not be needed anymore. Irina intended to cut Mashenka's hair, a thing she had been longing to do for years.

The sweet May evening was beginning to take possession of the landscape, absorbing the green from grass and trees, but it was not yet dark when Irina picked her way cautiously down the slope to the new bridge, avoiding the twin strips of churned mud and smashed grass made earlier in the day by the truck that had brought Babushka's coffin to the dacha. On the patch of bare earth round the bench halfway up the bank, a tire had left a neat imprint, like a signature, before going on to crash into the bench. A muddy rag underneath showed that the wedding banquet had been spread that day, and spots of scarlet and white, purple and blue gleamed like flowerets springing up in the wake of the juggernaut. Irina knew these were the crushed remains of Babushka's dinner set. A few paces farther on, she caught sight of a bigger spot of color in the mud. It was the lobster, wrenched from its dish all in one piece. Irina meant to stoop and pick it up, but before she could stop herself she had brought her heel down on it, grinding the fragments firmly into the soft earth.

She ran to the bridge with an impetus that landed her on the very middle of it; when she stopped to take breath, she became aware that Vaska was keeping up with her on the river. Irina stopped and put down her rucksack for a moment. Vaska stopped, too. Hopefully? There was nothing eatable in the bag but a few of Praskovya Egorovna's *piroshki*, wrapped in a lace-embroidered doily—one of those so patiently worked at by Babushka in her spare moments. Irina took out a couple, meaning to throw them to Vaska and put by the rest in the doily for the children. But somehow she did exactly the opposite, putting the two she had taken out for Vaska back into the rucksack and throwing the others, in Babushka's beautifully worked doily, over the railing into the water. Vaska had a little trouble retrieving one pie before all the rest sank to the bottom, and the white square of linen floated serenely downstream.

Irina scraped the two pies out of the rucksack, tossed them into her mouth, and clapped her hands smartly to free them from the rich crumbs. Then she tripped briskly to the end of the bridge, reaching the halt just in time to jump into the last coach before the train started. —Ivy Litvinov

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MERCIFULLY,

I am hard to disgust,
but a pretentious poet can do it;
a person without a taproot; and
impercipience can do it; did it.

But why talk about it—
offset by Musica Antiqua's
“legendary performance”
of impassioned exactitude.*

What an elate tongue is music,
the plain truth—complex truth—
in which unnatural emphases,
“passi-on” and “divis-i-on,”
sound natural. Play it all; *do*—
except in uproars of conversation.

Celestial refrain. My mind
hears it again. Without music
life is flat—bare existence.
Dirgelike David and Absalom. That.
Let it be that.
—Marianne Moore

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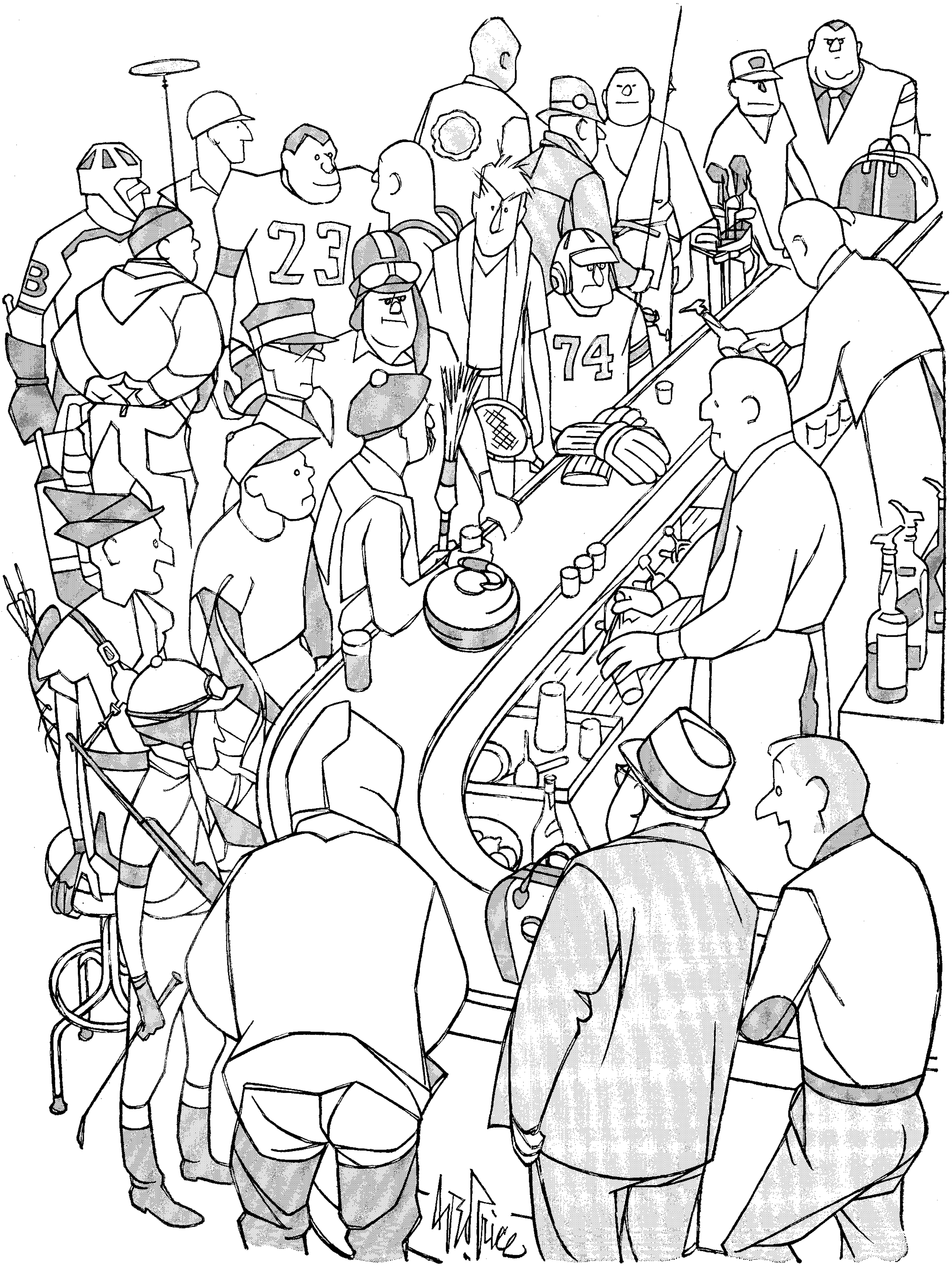
*An Evening of Elizabethan Verse and Its Music—W. H. Auden and the New York Pro Musica Antiqua; Noah Greenberg, Director. Legendary Performances (Odyssey 32160171).



"This has always been a popular spot with the sports crowd."

MOSBY'S MEMOIRS

THE birds chirped away. Fweet, Fweet, Bootchee-Fweet. Doing all the things naturalists say they do. Expressing abysmal depths of aggression, which only Man—Stupid Man—heard as innocence. We feel everything is so innocent—because our wickedness is so fearful. Oh, very fearful!

Mr. Willis Mosby, after his siesta, gazing down-mountain at the town of Oaxaca, where all were snoozing still—mouths, rumps, long black Indian hair, the antique beauty photographically celebrated by Eisenstein in "Thunder over Mexico." Mr. Mosby—Dr. Mosby really; erudite, maybe even profound; thought much, accomplished much—had made some of the most interesting mistakes a man could make in the Twentieth Century. He was in Oaxaca now to write his memoirs. He had a grant for the purpose, from the Guggenheim Foundation. And why not?

Bougainvillea poured down the hillside, and the hummingbirds were spinning. Mosby felt ill with all this whirling, these colors, fragrances, ready to topple on him. Liveliness, beauty, seemed very dangerous. Mortal danger. Maybe he had drunk too much mescal at lunch (beer, also). Behind the green and red of Nature, dull black seemed to be thickly laid like mirror backing.

Mosby did not feel quite well; his teeth, gripped tight, made the muscles stand out in his handsome, elderly tanned jaws. He had fine blue eyes, light-pained, direct, intelligent, disbelieving; hair still thick, parted in the middle; and strong vertical grooves between the brows, beneath the nostrils, and at the back of the neck.

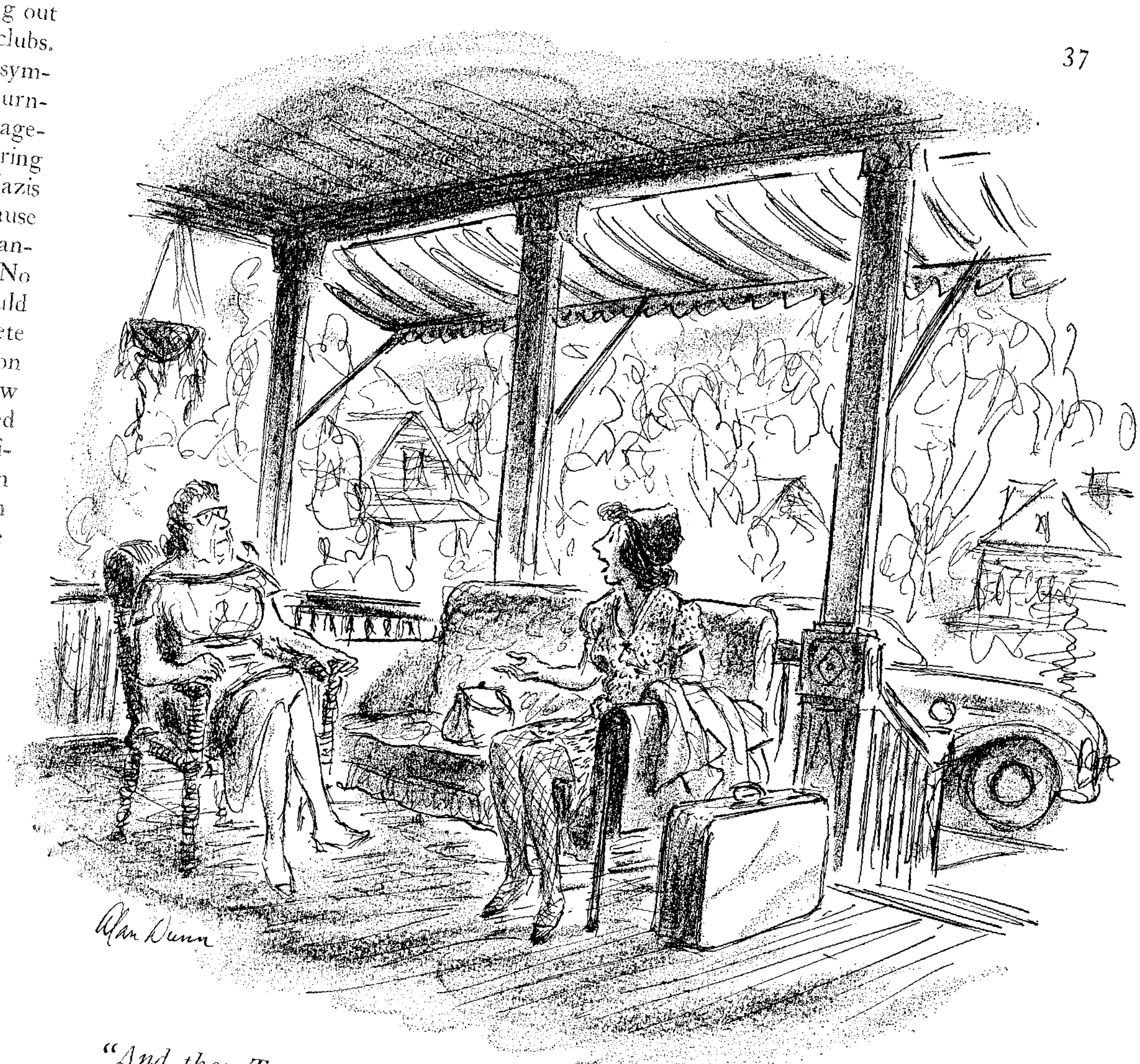
The time had come to put some humor into the memoirs. So far it had been: Fundamentalist family in Missouri—Father the successful builder—Early schooling—The State University—Rhodes Scholarship—Intellectual friendships—What I learned from Professor Collingwood—Empire and the mental vigor of Britain—My unorthodox interpretation of John Locke—I work for William Randolph Hearst in Spain—The personality of General Franco—Radical friendships in New York—Wartime service with the O.S.S.—The limited vision of Franklin D. Roosevelt—Comte, Proudhon, and Marx revisited—de Tocqueville once again.

Nothing very funny here. And yet thousands of students and others would tell you, "Mosby had a great sense of humor." Would tell their children, "This Mosby in the O.S.S.," or "Willis Mosby, who was in Toledo with me when the Alcazar fell, made me die laughing." "I shall never forget Mosby's observations on Harold Laski." "On packing the Supreme Court." "On the Russian purge trials." "On Hitler."

So it was certainly high time to do something. He had given it some consideration. He would say, when they sent down his ice from the hotel bar (he was in a cottage below the main building, flowers heaped upon it; envying a little the unencumbered mountains of the Sierra Madre) and when he had chilled his mescal—warm, it tasted rotten—he would write that in 1947, when he was living in Paris, he knew any number of singular people. He knew the Comte de la Mine-Crevée, who sheltered Garry Davis the World Citizen after the World Citizen had burnt his passport publicly. He knew Mr. Julian Huxley at UNESCO. He discussed social theory with Mr. Lévi-Strauss but was not invited to dinner—they ate at the Musée de l'Homme. Sartre refused to meet with him; he thought all Americans, Negroes excepted, were secret agents. Mosby for his part suspected all Russians abroad of working for the G.P.U. Mosby knew French well; extremely fluent in Spanish; quite good in German. But the French cannot identify originality in foreigners. That is the curse of an old civilization. It is a heavier planet. Its best minds must double their horsepower to overcome the gravitational field of tradition. Only a few will ever fly. To fly away from Descartes. To fly away from the political anachronisms of left, center, and right persisting since 1789. Mosby found these French exceedingly banal. These French found him lean and tight. In well-tailored clothes, elegant and dry, his good Western skin, pale eyes, strong nose, handsome mouth, and virile creases. *Un type sec.*

Both sides—Mosby and the French, that is—with highly developed attitudes. Both, he was lately beginning to concede, quite wrong. Possibly equidistant from the truth, but lying in different sectors of error. The French were worse off because their errors were collective. Mine, Mosby believed, were at least peculiar. The French were furious over the collapse in 1940 of *La France Pourrie*, their lack of military will, the extensive collaboration, the massive deportations unopposed (the Danes, even the *Bulgarians* resisted Jewish deportations), and, finally, over the humiliation of liberation by the Allies. Mosby, in the O.S.S., had information to support such views. Within the State Department, too, he had university colleagues—former students and old acquaintances. He had expected a high postwar appointment, for which, as director of counter-espionage in Latin America, he was ideally qualified. But Dean Acheson personally disliked him. Nor did Dulles approve. Mosby, a fanatic about *ideas*, displeased the institutional gentry. He had said that the Foreign Service was staffed by rejects of the power structure. Young gentlemen from good Eastern colleges who couldn't make it as Wall Street lawyers were allowed to interpret the alleged interests of their class in the State Department bureaucracy. In foreign consulates they could be rude to D.P.s and indulge their country-club anti-Semi-

tism, which was dying out even in the country clubs. Besides, Mosby had sympathized with the Burnham position on managerialism, declaring, during the war, that the Nazis were winning because they had made their managerial revolution first. No Allied combination could conquer, with its obsolete industrialism, a nation which had reached a new stage of history and tapped the power of the inevitable, etc. And then Mosby, holding forth in Washington, among the élite Scotch drinkers, stated absolutely that, however deplorable the concentration camps had been, they showed at least the rationality of German political ideas. The Americans had no such ideas. They didn't know what they were doing. No design existed. The British were not much better. The Hamburg fire-bombing, he argued in his clipped style, in full declarative phrases, betrayed the idiotic emptiness and planlessness of Western leadership. Finally, he said that when Acheson blew his nose there were maggots in his handkerchief.

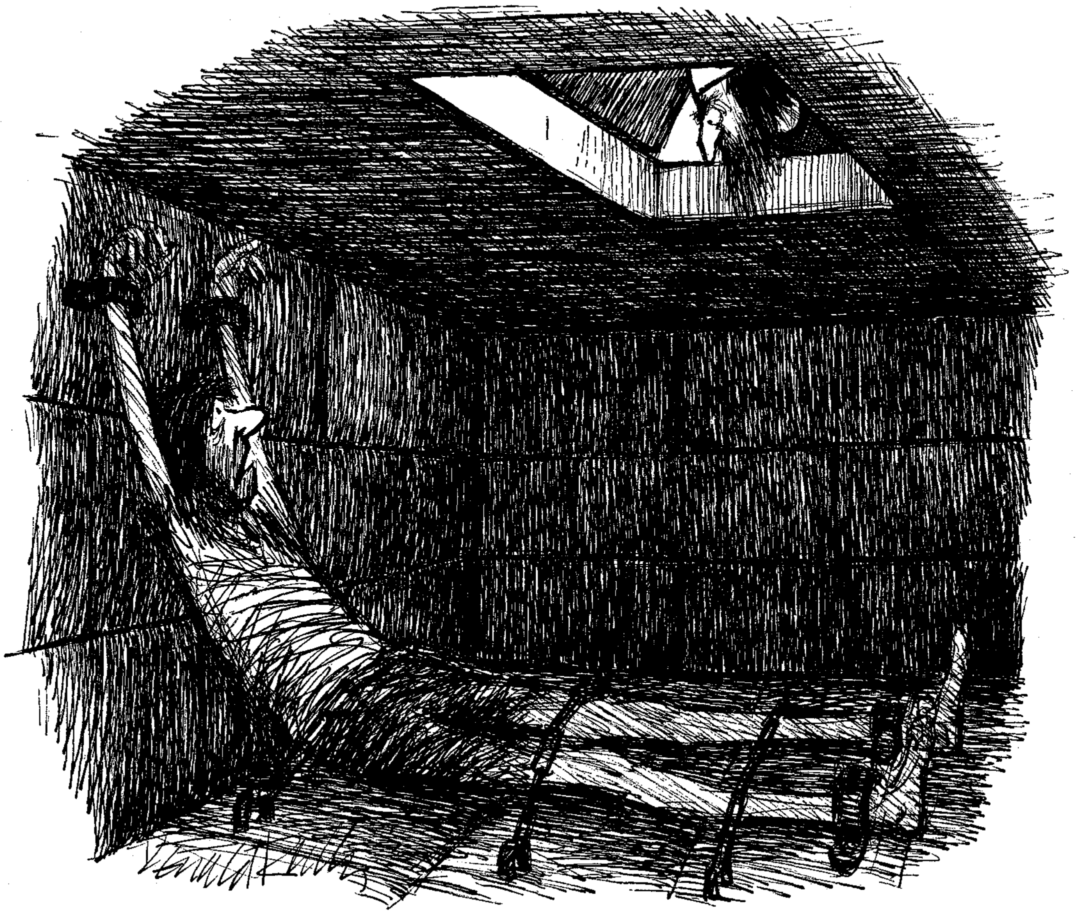


"And then Tom and I had one of those 'meaningful talks' of ours—you know, about money."

Among the defeated French, Mosby admitted that he had a galled spirit. (His jokes were not too bad.) And of course he drank a lot. He worked on Marx and Tocqueville, and he drank. He would not cease from mental strife. The Comte de la Mine-Crevée (Mosby's own improvisation on a noble and ancient name) kept him in PX booze and exchanged his money on the Black Market for him. He described his swindles and was very entertaining.

Mosby now wished to say, in the vein of Sir Harold Nicolson or Santayana or Bertrand Russell, writers for whose memoirs he had the greatest admiration, that Paris in 1947, like half a Noah's Ark, was waiting for the second of each kind to arrive. There was one of everything. Something of this sort. Especially among Americans. The city was very bitter, grim; the Seine looked and smelled like medicine. At an American party, a former student of French from Minnesota, now running a shady enterprise, an agency which specialized in bribery, private undercover investigations, and procuring broads for V.I.P.s, said something highly emotional about the City of Man, about the meaning of Europe for Americans, the American failure to preserve human scale. Not omitting to work in Man the Measure. And every other tag he could bring back from Randall's "Making of the Modern Mind" or "Readings in the Intellectual History of Europe." "I was tempted," Mosby meant to say (the ice arrived in a glass jar with tongs; the natives no longer wore the dirty white drawers of the past). "Tempted . . ." He rubbed his forehead, which projected like the back of an observation car. "To tell this sententious little drunkard and gyp artist, formerly a pacifist and vegetarian, follower of Gandhi at the University of Minnesota now driving a very handsome Bentley to the Tour d'Argent to eat duck à l'orange. Tempted to say Yes, but we come here across the Atlantic to relax a bit in the past. To recall what Ezra Pound had once said. That we would make another Venice, just for the hell of it, in the Jersey marshes any time we liked. Toying. To divert ourselves in the time of colossal mastery to come. Reproducing anything, for fun. Baboons trained to row will bring us in gondolas to discussions of astrophysics. Where folks burn garbage now, and fatten pigs and junk their old machines, we will debark to hear a concert."

Mosby the thinker, like other busy men, never had time for music. Poetry was not his cup of tea. Members of Congress, Cabinet officers, Organization Men, Pentagon planners, Party leaders, Presidents had no such interest. They could not be what they were and read Eliot, hear Vivaldi, Cimarosa. But they planned that others might enjoy these things and benefit by their power. Mosby perhaps had more in common with political leaders and Joint Chiefs and Presidents. At least, they were in his thoughts more often than Cimarosa and Eliot. With hate, he pondered their



"Please tell the King I'm sorry."

mistakes, their shallowness. Lectured on Locke to show them up. Except by the will of the majority, unambiguously expressed, there was no legitimate power. The only absolute democrat in America (perhaps in the world—although who can know what there is in the world, among so many billions of minds and souls) was Willis Mosby. Notwithstanding his terse, dry, intolerant style of conversation (more precisely, examination), his lank dignity of person, his aristocratic bones. Dark long nostrils hinting at the afflictions that needed the strength you could see in his jaws. And, finally, the light-pained eyes.

A most peculiar, ingenious, hungry, aspiring, and heartbroken animal, by calling himself Man, thinks he can escape being what he really is. Not a matter of his definition, in the last analysis, but of his being. Let him say what he likes.

> Kingdoms are clay: our dungy
> earth alike
> Feeds beast as man; the nobleness
> of life
> Is to do thus.

Thus being love. Or any other sublime option. (Mosby knew his Shakespeare anyway. *There* was a difference from the President. And of the Vice-President he said, "I wouldn't trust him to make me a pill. A has-been druggist!")

With sober lips he sipped the mescal, the servant in the coarse orange shirt enriched by metal buttons reminding him that the car was coming at four o'clock to take him to Mitla, to visit the ruins.

"*Yo mismo soy una ruina*," Mosby joked.

The stout Indian, giving only so much of a smile—no more—withdrew with quiet courtesy. Perhaps I was fishing, Mosby considered. Wanted him to say I was *not* a ruin. But how could he? Seeing that for him I *am* one.

PERHAPS Mosby did not have a light touch. Still, he thought he did have an eye for certain kinds of comedy. And he *must* find a way to relieve the rigor of this account of his mental wars. Besides, he could really remember that in Paris at that time people, one after another, revealed themselves in a comic light. He was then seeing things that way. Rue Jacob, Rue Bonaparte, Rue du Bac, Rue de Verneuil, Hôtel de l'Université—filled with funny people.

He began by setting down a name: Lustgarten. Yes, there was the man he wanted. Hymen Lustgarten, a Marxist, or former Marxist, from New Jersey. From Newark, I think. He had been a shoe salesman, and belonged to any number of heretical, fanatical, Bolshevistic groups. He had been a Leninist, a Trotskyist, then a follower of Hugo Oehler, then of Thomas Stamm, and finally of an Italian named Salemmi who gave up politics to become a painter, an abstractionist. Lustgarten also gave up politics. He wanted now to be successful in business—rich. Believing that the nights he had spent poring over "Das Kapital" and Lenin's "State and Revolution" would give him an edge in business dealings. We were staying in the same hotel. I couldn't at first make out what he and his wife were doing. Presently I understood. The Black Market. This was not then reprehensible. Postwar Europe was like that. Refugees, adventurers, G.I.s. Even the Comte de la M.C. Europe still shuddering from the blows it had received. Governments new, uncertain, infirm. No reason to respect their authority. American soldiers led the way. Flamboyant business schemes. Machines, whole factories stolen, treasures shipped home. An American colonel in the lumber business started to saw up the Black Forest and send it to Wisconsin. And, of course, Nazis concealing their concentration-camp loot. Jewels sunk in Austrian lakes. Art works hidden. Gold extracted from teeth in extermination camps, melted into ingots and mortared like bricks into the walls of houses. Incredibly huge fortunes to be made, and Lustgarten intended to make one of them. Unfortunately, he was incompetent.

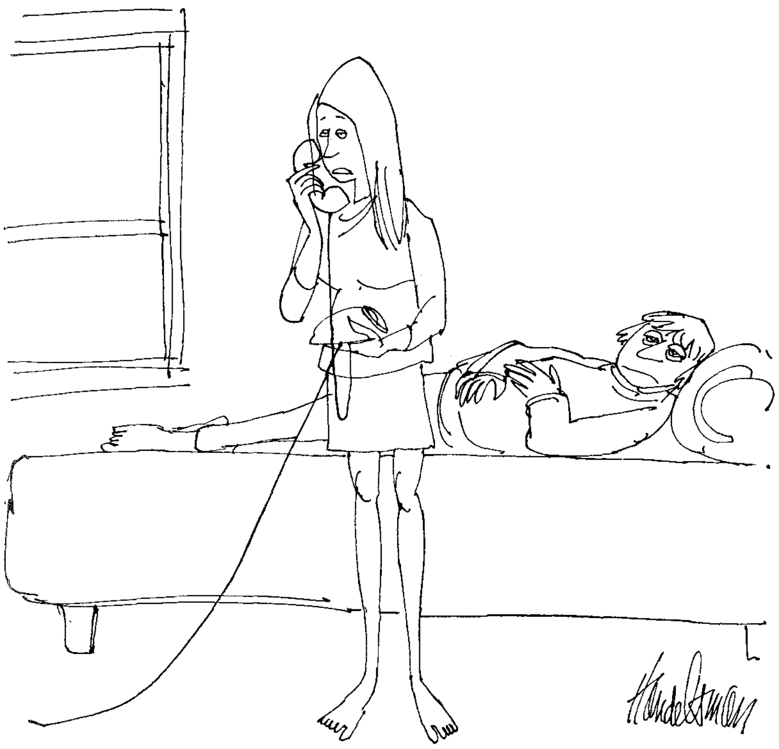
You could see at once that there was no harm in him. Despite the bold revolutionary associations, and fierceness of doctrine. Theoretical willingness to slay class enemies. But Lustgarten could not even hold his own with pushy people in a pissoir. Strangely meek, stout, swarthy, kindly, grinning with mulberry lips, a froggy, curving mouth which produced wrinkles like gills between the ears and the grin. And perhaps, Mosby thought, he comes to mind in Mexico because of his Toltec, Mixtec, Zapotec look, squat and black-haired, the tip of his nose turned downward and the black nostrils shyly widening when his friendly smile was accepted. And a bit sick with the wickedness, the awfulness of life but, respectfully persistent, bound to get his share. Efficiency was his style—action, determination, but a traitorous incompetence trembled within. Wrong calling. Wrong choice. A bad mistake. But he was persistent.

His conversation amused me, in the dining room. He was proud of his revolutionary activities, which had consisted mainly of cranking the mimeograph machine. Internal Bulletins. Thousands of pages of recondite examination of fine points of doctrine for the membership. Whether the American working class should give *material* aid to the Loyalist Government of Spain, controlled as that was by Stalinists and other class enemies and traitors. You had to fight Franco, and you had to fight Stalin as well. There was, of course, no material aid to give. But *had* there been any, *should* it have been given? This purely theoretical problem caused splits and expulsions. I always kept myself informed of these curious agonies of sectarianism, Mosby wrote. The single effort made by Spanish Republicans to purchase arms in the United States was thwarted by that friend of liberty Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who allowed one ship, the Mar Cantábrico, to be loaded but set the Coast Guard after it to turn it back to port. It was, I believe, that *genius* of diplomacy, Mr. Cordell Hull, who was responsible, but the decision, of course, was referred to F.D.R., whom Huey Long amusingly called Franklin de la *No!* But perhaps the most refined of these internal discussions left of Left, the documents for which were turned out on the machine by that Jimmy Higgins, the tubby devoted Party worker Mr. Lustgarten, had to do with the Finnish War. Here the painful point of doctrine to be resolved was whether a Workers' State like the Soviet Union, even if it was a *degenerate* Workers' State, a product of the Thermidorian Reaction following the glorious Proletarian Revolution of 1917, could wage an Imperialistic War. For only the bourgeoisie could be Imperialistic. Technically, Stalinism could not be Imperialism. By definition. What then should a Revolutionary Party say to the Finns? Should they resist Russia or not? The Russians were monsters but they would expropriate the Mannerheim White-Guardist landowners and move, painful though it might be, in the correct historical direction. This, as a sect-watcher, I greatly relished. But it was too foreign a subtlety for many of the sectarians. Who were, after all, Americans. Pragmatists at heart. It was *too* far out for Lustgarten. He decided, after the war, to become (it shouldn't be hard) a rich man. Took his savings and, I believe his wife said, his mother's savings, and went abroad to build a fortune.

Within a year he had lost it all. He was cheated. By a German partner, in particular. But also he was caught smuggling by Belgian authorities.

When Mosby met him (Mosby speaking of himself in the third person as Henry Adams had done in "The Education of Henry Adams")—when Mosby met him, Lustgarten was working for the American Army, employed by Graves Registration. Something to do with the procurement of crosses. Or with supervision of the lawns. Official employment gave Lustgarten PX privileges. He was rebuilding his financial foundations by the illegal sale of cigarettes. He dealt also in gas-ration coupons, which the French Government, anxious to obtain dollars, would give you if you exchanged your money at the legal rate. The gas coupons were sold on the Black Market. The Lustgartens, husband and wife, persuaded Mosby to do this once. For them, he cashed his dollars at the bank, not with la Mine-Crevée. The occasion seemed important. Mosby gathered that Lustgarten had to drive at once to Munich. He had gone into the dental-supply business there with a German dentist who now denied that they had ever been partners.

Many consultations between Lustgarten (in his international intriguer's trenchcoat, ill-fitting; head, neck, and shoulders sloping backward in a froggy curve) and his wife, a young woman in an eyelet-lace blouse and black velveteen skirt, a velveteen ribbon tied on her round, healthy neck. Lustgarten, on the circular floor of the bank, explaining as they stood apart. And sweating blood; being reasonable with Trudy, detail by tortuous detail. It grated away poor Lustgarten's patience. Hands feebly remonstrating. For she asked female questions or raised objections which gave him agonies of patient rationality. Only there was nothing rational to begin with. That is, he had had no legal right to go into business with the German. All such arrangements had to be licensed by Military Government. It was a Black Market partnership, and when it began to show a profit, the German threw Lustgarten out. With what they call impunity. Germany as a whole having discerned the limits of all civilized systems of punishment as compared with the unbounded possibilities of crime. The bank in Paris, where these explanations between Lustgarten and Trudy were taking place, had an interior of some sort of red porphyry. Like raw meat. A color which bourgeois France seemed to have vested with ideas of potency, mettle, and grandeur. In the Invalides also, Napoleon's sarcophagus was of polished red stone, a great, swooping, polished cradle containing the little



"Are you the doctor? So if somebody is like sick, do you make pad calls?"

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

He is *making* love with his wife on the roof.
That's all right.
But sixteen years . . .
The cattle wait around as long as they can,
then go off, like grenades.
The neighbors get heated over breakfast,
but they won't come down,
there's no legal loophole.
If a man wants to spend as much time as that
on the roof of his house with his wife,
that's all right by the law,
there's nothing improper in that.
Sometimes they noticed the grass beneath them,
and the woods around that, change
in their colors—the summer's
thin strokes, the slow flood of fall blood—
and the townspeople that lay down and died like ticks,
but they didn't care.
That was sixteen years well spent,
he said, she said, as both
at last came down,
to the gold of garbage,
to the piano an oak again,
to the television a camera,
the dog a frog,
and the huge children they had forgotten about
waiting around minutely, in baskets,
to be born again.

—Michael Dennis Browne

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green corpse. (We have the testimony of M. Rideau, the Bonapartist historian, as to the color.) As for the living Bonaparte, Mosby felt, with Auguste Comte, that he had been an anachronism. The Revolution was historically necessary. It was socially justified. Modern. Politically, economically, it was a move toward industrial democracy. But the Napoleonic drama itself belonged to an archaic category of personal ambitions, feudal ideas of war. Older than feudalism. Older than Rome. *The commander at the head* of armies—nothing rational to recommend it. Society, increasingly rational in its organization, did not need it. But humankind evidently desired it. War is a luxurious pleasure. Grant the first premise of hedonism and you must accept the rest also. Rational foundations of modernity are cunningly accepted by man as the launching platform of ever-wilder irrationalities.

Mosby, noting these reflections in a blue-green color of ink which might have been extracted from the landscape. As his liquor had been extracted from the green spikes of the mescal, the curious, sharp, dark-green fleshy limbs of the plant covering the fields.

The dollars, the francs, the gas rations, the bank like the beefsteak mine in which W. C. Fields invested, and shrinking but persistent dark Lustgarten getting into his little car on the sodden Parisian street. There were few cars then in Paris. Plenty of parking space. And the streets were so yellow, gray, wrinkled, dismal. But the French were even then ferociously telling the world that they had the *savoir-vivre*, the *gai savoir*. Especially Americans, haunted by their Protestant Ethic, had to hear this. My God—sit down, sip wine, taste cheese, break bread, hear music, know love, stop running, and learn ancient life-wisdom from Europe. At any rate, Lustgarten buckled up his trenchcoat, pulled down his big hoodlum's fedora. He was bunched up in the seat. Small brown hands holding the steering wheel of the Simca Huit, and the grinning despair with which he waved.

"Bon voyage, Lustgarten."

His Zapotec nose, his teeth like white pomegranate seeds. With a sob of the gears he took off for devastated Germany.

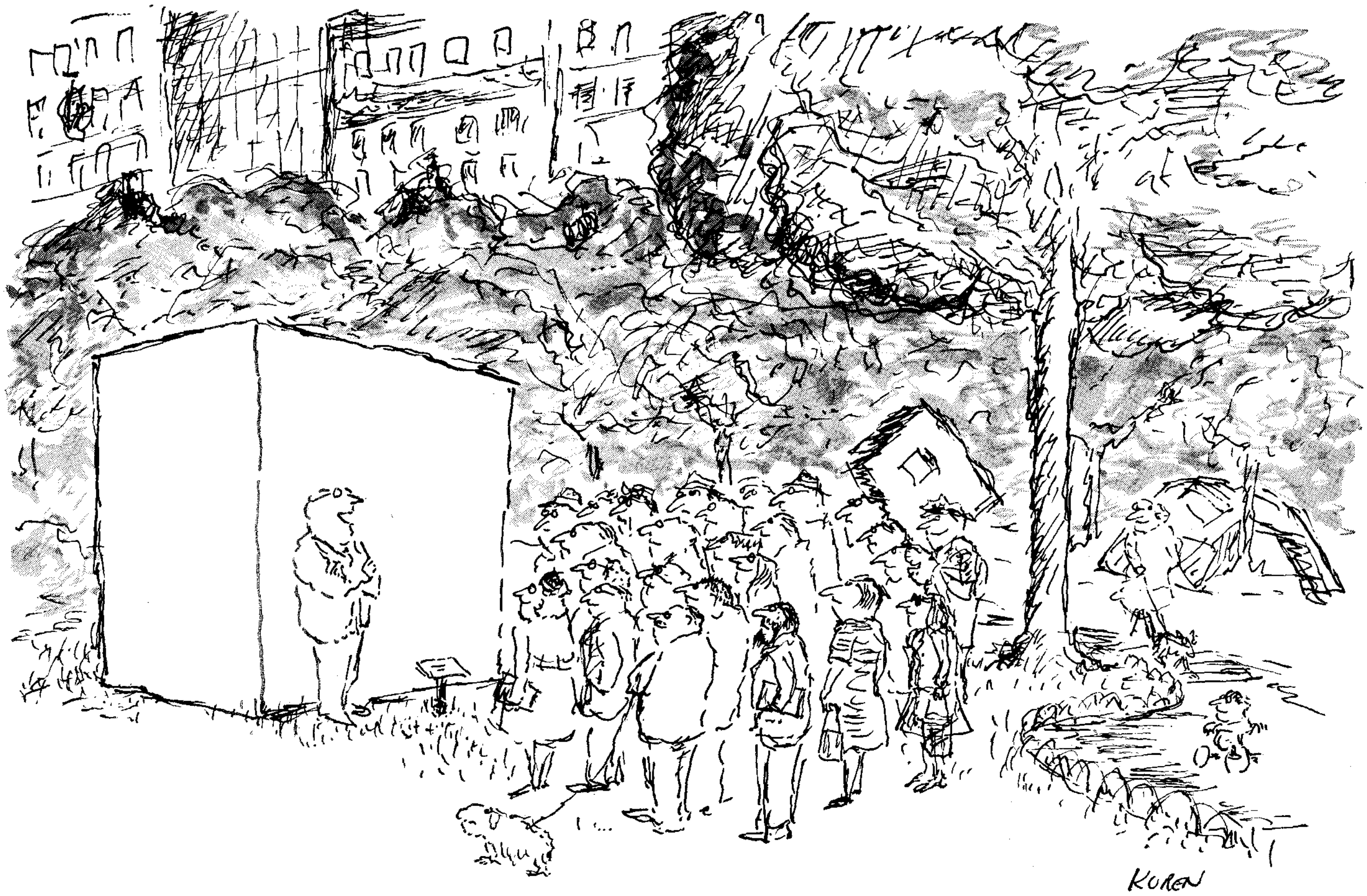
Reconstruction is big business. You demolish a society, you decrease the population, and off you go again. New fortunes. Lustgarten may have felt, *qua* Jew, that he had a right to grow rich in the German boom. That all Jews had natural claims beyond the Rhine. On land enriched by Jewish ashes. And you never could be sure, seated on a sofa, that it was not stuffed or upholstered with Jewish hair. And he would not use German soap. He washed his hands, Trudy told Mosby, with Lifebuoy from the PX.

Trudy, a graduate of Mountclair Teachers' College in New Jersey, knew French, studied composition, had hoped to work with someone like Nadia Boulanger, but was obliged to settle for less. From the bank, as Lustgarten drove away in a kind of doomed, latently tearful daring in the rain-drenched street, Trudy invited Mosby to the Salle Pleyel, to hear a Czech pianist performing Schoenberg. This man, with muscular baldness, worked very hard upon the keys. The difficulty of his enterprise alone came through—the labor of culture, the trouble it took to preserve art in tragic Europe, the devoted drill. Trudy had a nice face for concerts. Her odor was agreeable. She shone. In the left half of her countenance, one eye kept wandering. Stonehearted Mosby, making fun of flesh and blood, of these little humanities with their short inventories of bad and good. The poor Czech in his blazer with chased buttons and the muscles of his forehead rising in protest against *tabula rasa*—the bare skull.

Mosby could abstract himself on such occasions. Shut out the piano. Continue thinking about Comte. Begone, old priests and feudal soldiers! Go, with Theology and Metaphysics! And in the Positive Epoch Enlightened Woman would begin to play her part, vigilant, preventing the managers of the new society from abusing their powers. Over Labor, the supreme good.

Embroidering the trees, the birds of Mexico, looking at Mosby, and the hummingbird, so neat in its lust, vibrating tinily, and the lizard on the soil drinking heat with its belly. To bless small creatures is supposed to be real good.

YES, this Lustgarten was a funny man. Cheated in Germany, licked by the partner, and impatient with his slow progress in Graves Registration, he decided to import a Cadillac. Among the new postwar millionaires of Europe there was a big demand for Cadillacs. The French Government,



"With this sculpture, the current crisis between the object and the image reaches into the more fundamental conflict between the metaphysical angst of the first-generation Abstract Expressionists and the space-environment preoccupations of the avant-garde."

• •

moving slowly, had not yet taken measures against such imports for rapid resale. In 1947, no tax prevented such transactions. Lustgarten got his family in Newark to ship a new Cadillac. Something like four thousand dollars was raised by his brother, his mother, his mother's brother for the purpose. The car was sent. The customer was waiting. A down payment had already been given. A double profit was expected. Only, on the day the car was unloaded at Le Havre new regulations went into effect. The Cadillac could not be sold. Lustgarten was stuck with it. He couldn't even afford to buy gas. The Lustgartens were seen one day moving out of the hotel into the car. Mrs. Lustgarten went to live with musical friends. Mosby offered Lustgarten the use of his sink for washing and shaving. Weary Lustgarten, defeated, depressed, frightened at last by his own plunging, scraped at his bristles, mornings, with a modest cricket noise, while sighing. All that money—mother's savings, brother's pension. No wonder his eyelids turned blue. And his smile, like a spinster's sachet—the last fragrance ebbed out long ago in the trousseau never used. But the long batrachian lips continued smiling.

Mosby realized that compassion should be felt. But passing in the night the locked, gleaming car, and seeing huddled Lustgarten, sleeping, covered with two coats on the majestic seat, like Jonah inside Leviathan, Mosby could not say in candor that what he experienced was sympathy. Rather he reflected that this shoe salesman, in America attached to foreign doctrines, who could not relinquish Europe in the New World, was now, in Paris, sleeping in the Cadillac, encased in this gorgeous Fisher Body from Detroit. At home exotic, in Europe a Yankee. His timing was off. He recognized this himself. But believed, in general, that he was too early. A pioneer. For instance, he said, in a voice that creaked with shy assertiveness, the French were only now beginning to be Marxians. He had gone through it all years ago. What did these people know! Ask them about the Shakhty Engineers! About Lenin's Democratic Centralism! About the Moscow Trials! About "Social Fascism"! They were ignorant. The Revolution having been totally betrayed, these Europeans suddenly discovered Marx and Lenin. "Eureka!" he said in a high voice. And it was the Cold War, beneath it all. For should America lose, the French intellectuals were preparing to collaborate with Russia. And should America win they could still be free, defiant radicals under American protection.

"You sound like a patriot," said Mosby.

"Well, in a way I am," said Lustgarten. "But I am getting to be objective. Sometimes I say to myself, 'If you were outside the world, if you, Lustgarten, didn't exist as a man, what would your opinion be of this or that?' "

"Disembodied truth."

"I guess that's what it is."

"And what are you going to do about the Cadillac?" said Mosby.

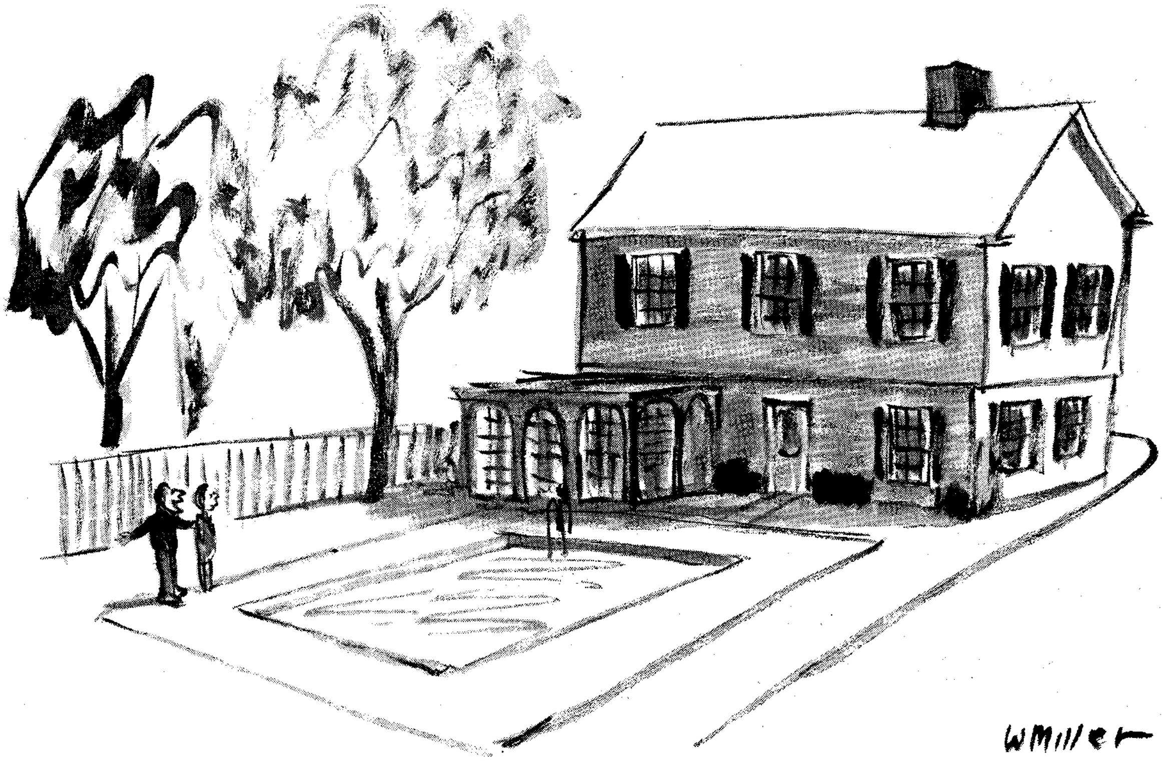
"I'm sending it to Spain. We can sell it in Barcelona."

"But you have to get it there."

"Through Andorra. It's all arranged. Klonsky is driving it."

Klonsky was a Polish Belgian in the hotel. One of Lustgarten's associates, congenitally dishonest, Mosby thought. Kinky hair, wrinkled eyes like Greek olives, and a cat nose and cat lips. He wore Russian boots.

But no sooner had Klonsky departed



"There, Harriet. Everything's the way I wanted it. Now we can start having children."

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for Andorra than Lustgarten received a marvellous offer for the car. A Capitalist in Utrecht wanted it at once and would take care of all excise problems. He had all the necessary *tuyaux*, unlimited drag. Lustgarten wired Klonsky in Andorra to stop. He raced down on the night train, recovered the Cadillac, and started driving back at once. There was no time to lose. But after sitting up all night on the *rapide*, Lustgarten was drowsy in the warmth of the Pyrenees and fell asleep at the wheel. He was lucky, he later said, for the car went down a mountainside and might have missed the stone wall that stopped it. He was only a foot or two from death when he was awakened by the crash. The car was destroyed. It was not insured.

Still faintly smiling, Lustgarten, with his sling and cane, came to Mosby's café table on the Boulevard Saint-Germain. Sat down. Removed his hat from dazzling black hair. Asked permission to rest his injured foot on a chair. "Is this a private conversation?" he said.

Mosby had been chatting with Alfred Ruskin, an American poet. Ruskin, though some of his front teeth were missing, spoke very clearly and swiftly. A perfectly charming man. Inveterately theoretical. He had been saying, for instance, that France had shot its collaborationist poets. America, which had no poets to spare, put Ezra Pound in St. Elizabeth's. He then went on to say, barely acknowledging Lustgarten, that America had had no history, was not an historical society. His proof was from Hegel. According to Hegel, history was the history of wars and revolutions. The United States had had only one revolution and very few wars. Therefore it was historically empty. Practically a vacuum.

Ruskin also used Mosby's conveniences at the hotel, being too fastidious for his own latrine in the Algerian back streets of the Left Bank. And when he emerged from the bathroom he invariably had a topic sentence.

"I have discovered the main defect of Kierkegaard."

Or, "Pascal was terrified by universal emptiness, but Valéry says the difference between empty space and space in a bottle is only quantitative, and there is nothing intrinsically terrifying about quantity. What is your view?"

We do not live in bottles—Mosby's reply.

Lustgarten said when Ruskin left us, "Who is that fellow? He mooched you for the coffee."

"Ruskin," said Mosby.

"*That* is Ruskin?"

"Yes, why?"

"I hear my wife was going out with Ruskin while I was in the hospital."

"Oh, I wouldn't believe such rumors," said Mosby. "A cup of coffee, an apéritif together, maybe."

"When a man is down on his luck," said Lustgarten, "it's the rare woman who won't give him hell in addition."

"Sorry to hear it," Mosby replied.

And then, as Mosby in Oaxaca recalled, shifting his seat from the sun—for he was already far too red, and his face, bones, eyes, seemed curiously thirsty—Lustgarten had said, "It's been a terrible experience."

"Undoubtedly so, Lustgarten. It must have been frightening."

"What crashed was my last stake. It involved family. Too bad in a way that I wasn't killed. My insurance would at least have covered my kid brother's loss. And my mother and uncle."

Mosby had no wish to see a man in tears. He did not care to sit through these moments of suffering. Such unmastered emotion was abhorrent. Though perhaps the violence of this abomination might have told Mosby something about his own moral constitution. Perhaps Lustgarten did not want his face to be working. Or tried to subdue his agitation, seeing from Mosby's austere, though not unkind, silence that this was not his way. Mosby was by taste a Senecan. At least he admired Spanish masculinity—the *varonil* of Lorca. The *clavel varonil*, the manly red carnation, the clear classic hardness of honorable control.

"You sold the wreck for junk, I assume?"

"Klonsky took care of it. Now look, Mosby. I'm through with that. I was reading, thinking in the hospital. I came over to make a pile. Like the gold rush. I really don't know what got into me. Trudy and I were just sitting around during the war. I was too old for the draft. And we both wanted action. She in music. Or life. Excitement. You know, dreaming at Mountclair Teachers' College of the Big Time. I wanted to make it possible for her. Keep up with the world, or something. But really—in my hospital bed I realized—I was right the

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first time. I am a Socialist. A natural idealist. Reading about Attlee, I felt at home again. It became clear that I am still a political animal."

Mosby wished to say, "No, Lustgarten. You're a dandler of swarthy little babies. You're a piggyback man—a giddyap horsie. You're a sweet old Jewish Daddy." But he said nothing.

"And I also read," said Lustgarten, "about Tito. Maybe the Tito alternative is the real one. Perhaps there is hope for Socialism somewhere between the Labor Party and the Yugoslav type of leadership. I feel it my duty," Lustgarten told Mosby, "to investigate. I'm thinking of going to Belgrade."

"As what?"

"As a matter of fact, that's where you could come in," said Lustgarten. "If you would be so kind. You're not *just* a scholar. You wrote a book on Plato, I've been told."

"On the 'Laws.'"

"And other books. But in addition you know the Movement. Lots of people. More connections than a switchboard. . . ."

The slang of the forties.

"You know people at the *New Leader*?"

"Not my type of paper," said Mosby. "I'm actually a political conservative. Not what you would call a Rotten Liberal but an out-and-out conservative. I shook Franco's hand, you know."

"Did you?"

"This very hand shook the hand of the Caudillo. Would you like to touch it for yourself?"

"Why should I?"

"Go on," said Mosby. "It may mean something. Shake the hand that shook the hand."

Very strangely, then, Lustgarten extended padded, swarthy fingers. He looked partly subtle, partly ill. Grinning, he said, "Now I've made contact with real politics at last. But I'm serious about the *New Leader*. You probably know Bohn. I need credentials for Yugoslavia."

"Have you ever written for the papers?"

"For the *Militant*."

"What did you write?"

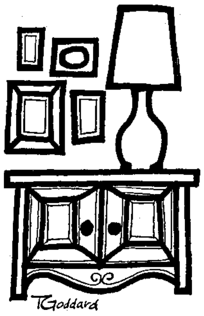
Guilty Lustgarten did not lie well. It was heartless of Mosby to amuse himself in this way.

"I have a scrapbook somewhere," said Lustgarten.

But it was not necessary to write to the *New Leader*. Lustgarten, encountered two days later on the Boulevard, near the pork butcher, had taken off the sling and scarcely needed the cane. He said, "I'm going to Yugoslavia. I've been invited."

"By whom?"

"Tito. The government. They're asking interested people to come as guests to tour the country and see how they're building Socialism. Oh, I know," he quickly said, anticipating standard doctrinal objection, "you don't build Socialism in one country, but it's no longer the same situation. And I really believe Tito may redeem Marxism by actually transforming the dictatorship of the proletariat. This brings me back to my first love—the radical movement. I was never meant to be an entrepreneur."



"Probably not."

"I feel some hope," Lustgarten shyly said. "And then also, it's getting to be spring." He was wearing his heavy moose-colored bristling hat, and bore many other signs of interminable winter. A candidate for resurrection. An opportunity for the grace of life to reveal itself. But perhaps, Mosby thought, a man like Lustgarten would never, except with supernatural aid, exist in a suitable form.

"Also," said Lustgarten touchingly, "this will give Trudy time to reconsider."

"Is that the way things are with you two? I'm sorry."

"I wish I could take her with me, but I can't swing that with the Yugoslavs. It's sort of a V.I.P. deal. I guess they want to affect foreign radicals. There'll be seminars in Dialectics, and so on. I love it. But it's not Trudy's dish."

Steady-handed, Mosby on his patio took ice with tongs, and poured more mescal flavored with *gusano de maguey*—a worm or slug of delicate flavor. These notes on Lustgarten pleased him. It was essential, at this point in his memoirs, to disclose new depths. The preceding chapters had been heavy. Many unconventional things were said about the state of political theory. The weakness of conservative doctrine, the lack, in America, of conservative alternatives, of resistance to the prevailing liberalism. As one who had personally tried to create a more rigorous environment for slovenly intellectuals, to force them to do their homework, to harden the categories of political thought, he was aware that on the Right as on the Left the results were barren. Absurdly, the college-bred dunces of America had longed for a true Left Wing movement on the European model. They still dreamed of it. No less absurd were the Right Wing idiots. You cannot grow a rose in a coal mine. Mosby's own Right Wing graduate students had disappointed him. Just a lot of television actors. Bad guys for the Susskind interview programs. They had transformed the master's manner of acid elegance, logical tightness, factual punctiliousness, and merciless laceration in debate into a sort of shallow Noël Coward style. The real, the original Mosby approach brought Mosby hatred, got Mosby fired. Princeton University had offered Mosby a lump sum to retire seven years early. One hundred and forty thousand dollars. Because his mode of discourse was so upsetting to the academic community. Mosby was invited to no television programs. He was like the Guerrilla Mosby of the Civil War. When he galloped in, all were slaughtered.

Most carefully, Mosby had studied the memoirs of Santayana, Malraux, Sartre, Lord Russell, and others. Unfortunately, no one was reliably or consistently great. Men whose lives had been devoted to thought, who had tried mightily to govern the disorder of public life, to put it under some sort of intellectual authority, to get ideas to save mankind or to offer it mental aid in saving itself, would suddenly turn into gruesome idiots. Wanting to kill everyone. For instance, Sartre calling for the Russians to drop A-bombs on American bases in the Pacific because America was now presumably monstrous. And exhorting the Blacks to butcher the Whites. This moral philosopher! Or Russell, the Pacifist of World War I, urging the West to annihilate Russia after World War II. And sometimes, in his memoirs—perhaps he was gaga—strangely illogical. When, over London, a zeppelin was shot down, the bodies of Germans were seen to fall, and the brutal men in the street horribly cheered, Russell wept, and had there not been a beautiful woman to console him in bed that night, this heartlessness of mankind would have broken him utterly. What was omitted was the fact that these same Germans who fell from the zeppelin had come to bomb the city. They were going to blow up the brutes in the street, explode the lovers. This Mosby saw.

It was earnestly to be hoped—this was the mescal attempting to invade his language—that Mosby would avoid the common fate of intellectuals. The

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Lustgarten digression should help. The correction of pride by laughter.

There were twenty minutes yet before the chauffeur came to take the party to Mitla, to the ruins. Mosby had time to continue. To say that in September the Lustgarten who reappeared looked frightful. He had lost no less than fifty pounds. Sun-blackened, creased, in a filthy stained suit, his eyes infected. He said he had had diarrhea all summer.

"What did they feed their foreign V.I.P.s?"

And Lustgarten shyly bitter—the lean face and inflamed eyes materializing from a spiritual region very different from any heretofore associated with Lustgarten by Mosby—said, "It was just a chain gang. It was hard labor. I didn't understand the deal. I thought we were invited, as I told you. But we turned out to be foreign volunteers of construction. A labor brigade. And up in the mountains. Never saw the Dalmatian coast. Hardly even shelter for the night. We slept on the ground."

"Why didn't you run away?" asked Mosby.

"How? Where?"

"Back to Belgrade. To the American Embassy, at least?"

"How could I? I was a guest. Came at their expense. They held the return ticket."

"And no money?"

"Are you kidding? Dead broke. In Macedonia. Near Skoplje. Bug-stung, starved, and running to the latrine all night. Laboring on the roads all day, with pus in my eyes, too."

"No first aid?"

"They may have had the first, but they didn't have the second."

Mosby thought it best to say nothing of Trudy. She had divorced him.

Commiseration, of course.

Mosby shaking his head.

Lustgarten with a certain skinny dignity walking away. He himself seemed amused by his encounters with Capitalism and Socialism.

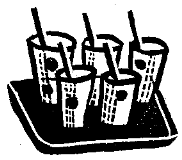
The end? Not quite. There was a coda: The thing had quite good form.

Lustgarten and Mosby met again. Five years later. Mosby enters an elevator in New York. Express to the forty-seventh floor, the executive dining room of the Rangeley Foundation. There is one other passenger, and it is Lustgarten. Grinning. He is himself again, filled out once more.

"Lustgarten!"

"Willis Mosby!"

"How are you, Lustgarten?"



"I'm great. Things are completely different. I'm happy. Successful. Married. Children."

"In New York?"

"Wouldn't live in the U.S. again. It's god-awful. Inhuman. I'm visiting."

Without a blink in its brilliancy, without a hitch in its smooth, regulated power, the elevator containing only the two of us was going up. The same Lustgarten. Strong words, vocal insufficiency, the Zapotec nose, and under it the frog smile, the kindly gills.

"Where are you going now?"

"Up to *Fortune*," said Lustgarten. "I want to sell them a story."

He was on the wrong elevator. This one was not going to *Fortune*. I told him so. Perhaps I had not changed, either. A voice which for many years had informed people of their errors said, "You'll have to go down again. The other bank of elevators."

At the forty-seventh floor we emerged together.

"Where are you settled now?"

"In Algiers," said Lustgarten. "We have a laundromat there."

"We?"

"Klonsky and I. You remember Klonsky?"

They had gone legitimate. They were washing burnooses. He was married to Klonsky's sister. I saw her picture. The image of Klonsky, a cat-faced woman, head ferociously encased in kinky hair, Picasso eyes at different levels, sharp teeth. If fish, dozing in the reefs, had nightmares, they would be of such teeth. The children also were young Klonskys. Lustgarten had the snapshots in his wallet of North African leather. As he beamed, Mosby recognized that pride in his success was Lustgarten's opiate, his artificial paradise.

"I thought," said Lustgarten, "that *Fortune* might like a piece on how we made it in North Africa."

We then shook hands again. Mine the hand that had shaken Franco's hand—his that had slept on the wheel of the Cadillac. The lighted case opened for him. He entered in. It shut.

Thereafter, of course, the Algerians threw out the French, expelled the Jews. And Jewish-Daddy Lustgarten must have moved on. Passionate fatherhood. He loved those children. For Plato this child-breeding is the lowest level of creativity.

Still, Mosby thought, under the influence of mescal, my parents begot me like a committee of two.

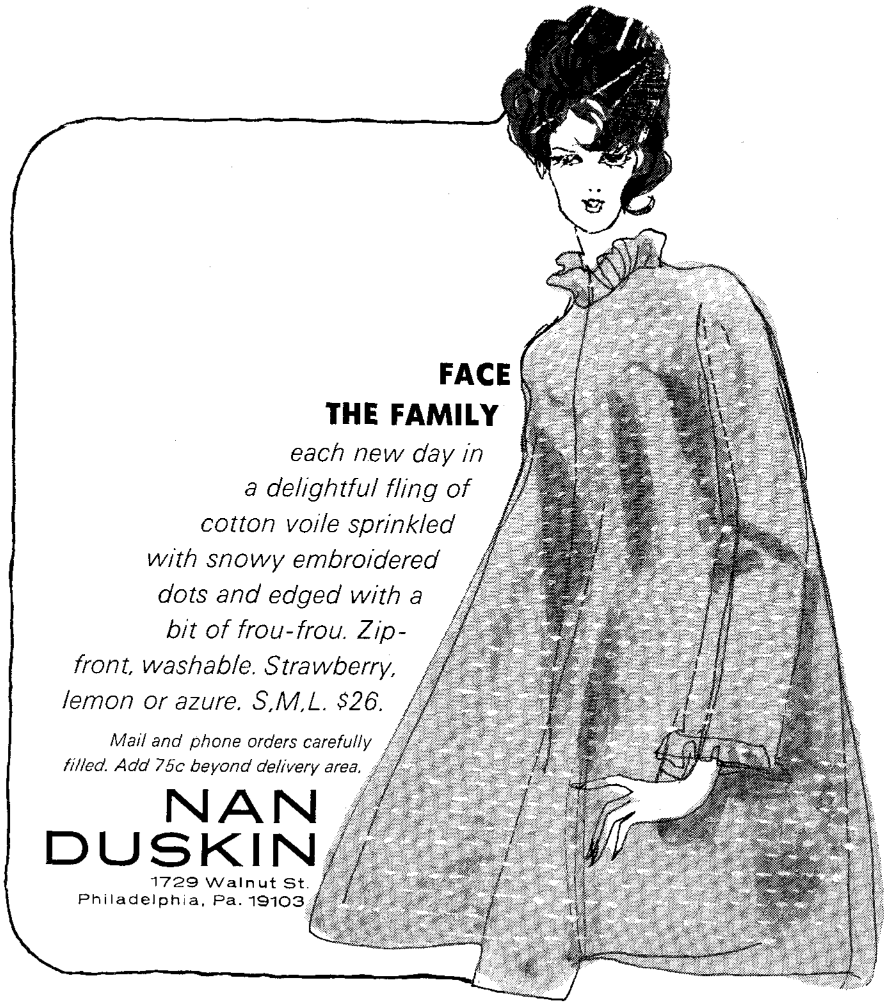
From a feeling of remotion, though he realized that the car for Mitla had arrived, a shining conveyance waited, he noted the following as he gazed at the afternoon mountains:

Until he was some years old
People took care of him
Cooled his soup, sang, chirked,
Drew on his long stockings,
Carried him upstairs sleeping.
He recalls at the green lakeside
His father's solemn navel,
Nipples like dog's eyes in the hair
Mother's thigh with wisteria of
  blue veins.

After they retired to death,
He conducted his own business
Not too modestly, not too well.
But here he is, smoking in Mexico
Considering the brown mountains
Whose fat laps are rolling
On the skulls of whole families.

TWO Welsh women were his companions. One was very ancient, lank. The Wellington of lady travellers. Or like C. Aubrey Smith, the actor who used to command Gurkha regiments in movies about India. A great nose, a gaunt jaw, a pleated lip, a considerable mustache. The other was younger. She had a small dewlap, but her cheeks were round and the dark eyes witty. A very satisfactory pair. Decent was the word. English traits. Like many Americans, Mosby desired such traits for himself. Yes, he was pleased with the Welsh ladies. Though the guide was unsuitable. Overweening. His fat cheeks a red pottery color. And he drove too fast.

The first stop was at Tule. They got out to inspect the celebrated Tule tree in the churchyard. This monument of vegetation, intricately and densely convolved, a green cypress, more than two thousand years old, roots in a vanished lake bottom, older than the religion of this little heap of white and gloom, this charming peasant church. In the comfortable dust, a dog slept. Disrespectful. But unconscious. The old lady, quietly dauntless, tied on a scarf and entered the church. Her stiff genuflection had real quality. She must be a Christian. Mosby looked into the depths of the Tule. A world in itself! It could contain communities. In fact, if he recalled his Gerald Heard, there was supposed to be a primal tree occupied by early ancestors, the human horde housed in such appealing, dappled, commodious, altogether beautiful organisms. The facts seemed not to support this golden myth of an encompassing paradise. Earliest man probably ran about



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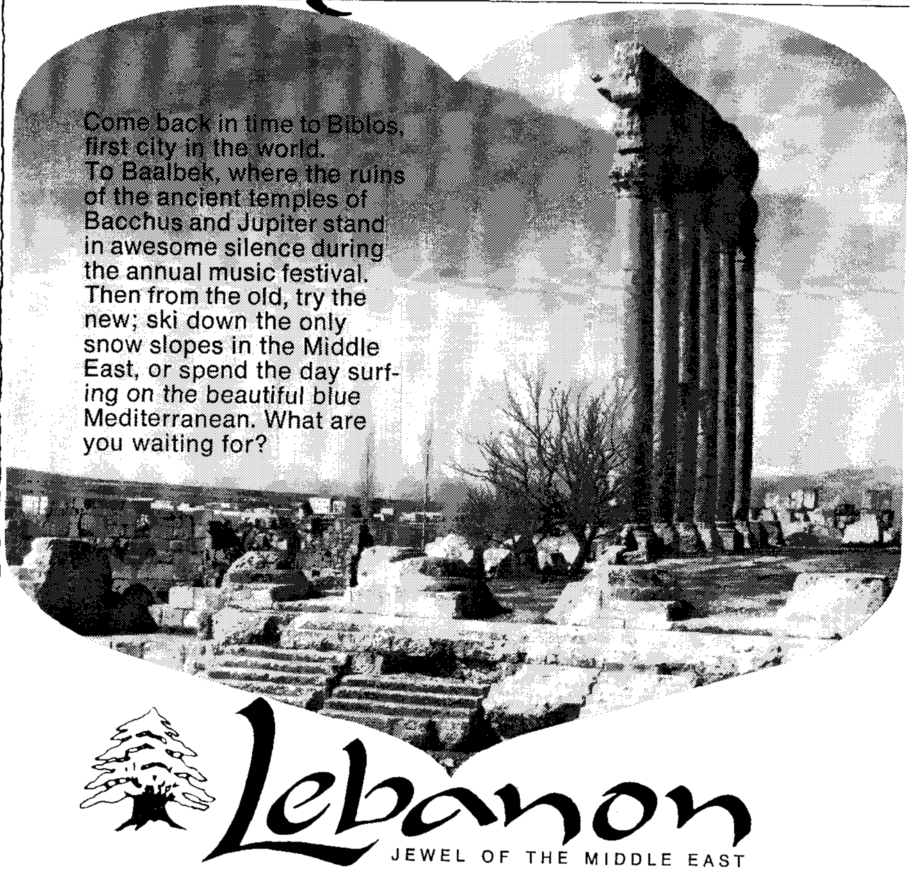

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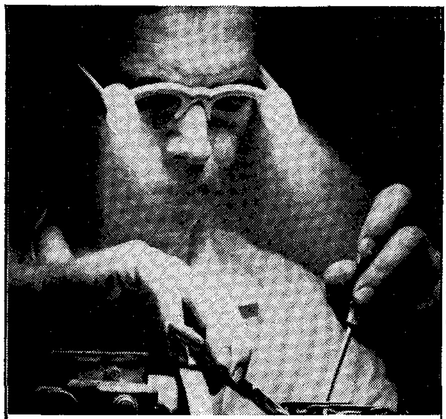

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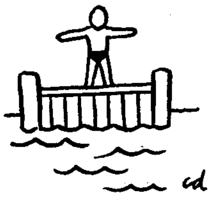
on the ground, horribly violent, killing everything. Still, this dream of gentleness, this aspiration for arboreal peace, was no small achievement for the descendants of so many killers. For his religion, this tree would do, thought Mosby. No church for him.

He was sorry to go. *He* could have lived up there. On top, of course. The excrements would drop on you below. But the Welsh ladies were already in the car, and the bossy guide began to toot the horn. Waiting was hot.

The road to Mitla was empty. The heat made the landscape beautifully crooked. The driver knew geology, archeology. He was quite ugly with his information. The Water Table, the Caverns, the Triassic Period. Inform me no further! Vex not my soul with more detail. I cannot use what I have! And now Mitla appeared. The right fork continued to Tehuantepec. The left brought you to the Town of Souls. Old Mrs. Parsons (Elsie Clews Parsons, as Mosby's mental retrieval system told him) had done ethnography here, studied the Indians in these baked streets of adobe and fruit garbage. In the shade, a dark urinous tang. A long-legged pig struggling on a tether. A sow. From behind, observant Mosby identified its pink small female opening. The dungy earth feeding beast as man.

But here were the fascinating temples, almost intact. This place the Spanish priests had not destroyed. All others they had razed, building churches on the same sites, using the same stones.

A tourist market. Coarse cotton dresses, Indian embroidery, hung under flour-white tarpaulins, the dust settling on the pottery of the region, black saxophones, black trays of glazed clay.



Following the British travellers and the guide, Mosby was going once more through an odd and complex fantasy. It was that he was dead. He had died. He continued, however, to live. His doom was to live life to the end as Mosby. In the fantasy, he considered this his purgatory. And when had death occurred? In a collision years ago. He had thought it a near thing then. The cars were demolished. The actual Mosby was killed. But another Mosby was pulled from the car. A trooper asked, "You O.K.?"

Yes, he was O.K. Walked away from the wreck. But he still had the whole thing to do, step by step, moment by moment. And now he heard a parrot blabbing, and children panhandled him and women made their pitch, and he was getting his shoes covered with dust. He had been working at his memoirs and had provided a diverting recollection of a funny man—Lustgarten. In the manner of Sir Harold Nicolson. Much less polished, admittedly, but in accordance with a certain protocol, the language of diplomacy, of mandarin irony. But Mosby had arranged, for instance, that Trudy should be seen with Alfred Ruskin. For when Lustgarten was crossing the Rhine, Mosby was embracing Trudy in bed. Unlike Lord Russell's beautiful friend, she did not comfort Mosby for the disasters he had (by intellectual commitment) to confront. But Mosby had not advised her about leaving Lustgarten. He did not mean to interfere. However, his vision of Lustgarten as a funny man was transmitted to Trudy. She could not be the wife of such a funny man. But he *was*, he *was* a funny man! He was, like Napoleon in the eyes of Comte, an anachronism. Inept, he wished to be a colossus, something of a Napoleon himself, make millions, conquer Europe, retrieve from Hitler's fall a colossal fortune. Poorly imagined, unoriginal, the rerun of old ideas, and so inefficient. Lustgarten didn't have to happen. And so he *was* funny. Trudy too was funny, however. What a large belly she had. Since individuals are sometimes born from a twin impregnation, the organism carrying the undeveloped brother or sister in vestigial form—at times no more than an extra organ, a rudimentary eye buried in the leg, or a kidney or the beginnings of an ear somewhere in the back—Mosby often thought that Trudy had a little sister inside her. And to him she was a clown. This need not mean contempt. No, he liked her. The eye seemed to wander in one hemisphere. She did not know how to use perfume. Her atonal compositions were foolish.

At this time, Mosby had been making fun of people.

"Why?"

"Because he had needed to."

"Why?"

"Because!"

The guide explained that the buildings were raised without mortar. The mathematical calculations of the priests had been perfect. The precision of the cut stone was absolute. After centuries you could not find a chink, you could not insert a razor blade anywhere. These geometrical masses were balanced by their own weight. Here the priests lived. The walls had been dyed. The cochineal or cactus louse provided the dye. Here were the altars. Spectators sat where you are standing. The priests used obsidian knives. The beautiful youths played on flutes. Then the flutes were broken. The bloody knife was wiped on the head of the executioner. Hair must have been clotted. And here, the tombs of the nobles. Stairs leading down. The Zapotecs, late in the day, had practiced this form of sacrifice, under Aztec influence.

How game this Welsh crone was. She was beautiful. Getting in and out of these pits, she required no assistance.

Of course you cannot make yourself an agreeable, desirable person. You can't will yourself into it without regard to the things to be done. Imperative tasks. Imperative comprehensions, monstrous compulsions of duty which deform. Men will grow ugly under such necessities. This one a director of espionage. That one a killer.

Mosby had evoked, to lighten the dense texture of his memoirs, a Lustgarten whose doom was this gaping comedy. A Lustgarten who didn't have to happen. But himself, Mosby, also a separate creation, a finished product, standing under the sun on large blocks of stone, on the stairs descending into this pit, he was complete. He had completed himself in this cogitating, unlaughing, stone, iron, nonsensical form.

Having disposed of all things human, he should have encountered God.

Would this occur?

But having so disposed, what God was there to encounter?

But they had now been led below, into the tomb. There was a heavy grille, the gate. The stones were huge. The vault was close. He was oppressed. He was afraid. It was very damp. On the elaborately zigzag carved walls were thin, thin pipings of fluorescent light. Flat boxes of ground lime were here to absorb moisture. His heart was paralyzed. His lungs would not draw. Jesus! I cannot catch my breath! To be shut in here! To be dead here! Suppose one were! Not as in accidents which ended, but did not quite end, existence. *Dead*-dead. Stooping, he looked for daylight. Yes, it was there. The light was there. The grace of life still there. Or, if not grace, air. Go while you can.

"I must get out," he told the guide. "Ladies, I find it very hard to breathe."

—SAUL BELLOW

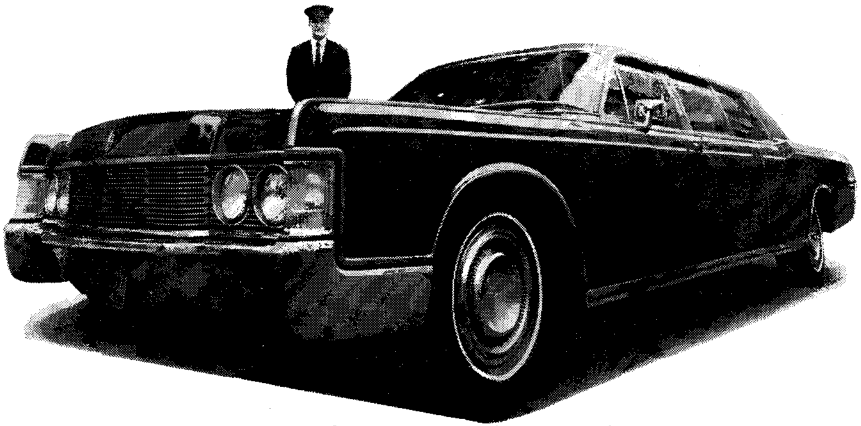
•

THE WEATHER

Mostly fair and continued war.

—*Spokane Daily Chronicle.*

All right, all right.



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LETTER FROM PARIS

JULY 11

THE official bills for the students' Latin Quarter revolution, legally calculated as having lasted from May 6th to June 15th, have already been totted up. So far, only *Paris-Presse L'Intransigeant*, the minor but pro-Gaullist afternoon newspaper, has printed this very odd and interesting historical data, with its worrying amplifications, one of these being that Parisians' city taxes this year may well be ten per cent higher, so as to include their willy-nilly contribution toward paying for the riot damage their city suffered. The biggest bill will be paid by the Prefecture of Paris, and in diminishing size will come the bills charged to the Prefecture of Police, the Ministry of Cultural Affairs, and the various Paris universities. The over-all Paris bill is reported at a hundred and fifty million francs, or thirty million dollars—no petty extra sum, it being equal to a big fraction of the annual budget for the entire capital city in normal, uncontentious times. The Paris Prefecture's opening bill is for the relaying in and around the Boul' Mich' of one million cube-shaped stone paving blocks, torn up to strengthen the student barricades or to be used as ammunition against the police. (A few hundred grubby cubes were sold to German tourists by neighborhood children as revolutionary souvenirs, just as white stone blocks from the Bastille were sold to French provincials when it was demolished after 1789.) Other items that will have to be replaced and paid for are a hundred trees, six direct-line telephones for calling the police and one for calling firemen, five hundred traffic lights, several thousand of those charming semicircular, lacy-looking iron grilles that are placed around the boulevard trees to protect their roots, hundreds of street trash baskets, and a few rusted *vespasiennes*, which will have to be replaced to placate old, conservative male voters. The Prefecture will also have to pay for more than two hundred incidents of destroyed private property, such as first-floor apartment windows, doors, and even sidewalks. More general, because bigger targets, were broken shop-windows, but in only rare cases was there any looting. The Café Gay-Lussac, whose windowed sidewalk terrace was smashed, was robbed of its glassware, its liqueurs, its cakes, and its telephone tokens. Two local cinemas, the Cluny and the Boul' Mich', were vandalized to the tune of forty thousand francs each, the screen of the latter being slit. The Cluny Métro station was wrecked—another Prefecture bill. Certain owners of damaged property have already been reimbursed. These are the identifiable foreign owners of parked cars that were used as faggots or as logs for the student barricades in the Latin Quarter. The Prefecture of Police will have to pay for restoring nine wrecked police stations.

BLANCHISSERIE

More costly even than the depredations are the city's bills for substitute services it had to hire because of the stoppage brought on by the general strike, which was triggered by the student riots and thus came second in the legally viewed chain of events. Substitute garbage men and trucks had to be found and hired, and now have to be paid for. The French Army is owed for the use of its small trucks, which took the place of city buses around town. The Prefecture of Paris is paying for delays in underground work on new Métro lines, and also in work on the peripheral boulevards and the highway to Rungis, the new market town that will take the place of Les Halles. As for the Ministry of Cultural Affairs, close to a million francs must be paid to the Odéon-Théâtre de France alone, whose red velvet loge curtains were used as covers by those who were regular sleep-ins there; losses were sustained also by the costume-wardrobe rooms, which were pillaged for all purposes. When, after nearly a month, the police finally evacuated the theatre at dawn, three young children, with a mother or so, were discovered among the residents—not one of whom had anything to do with the theatre, except for living in it free, in discomfort. The Sorbonne, which became a combination pamphlet shop, propaganda center, debating hall, jazz-concert headquarters, and general all-night, all-purpose student wayside station, had the biggest cleanup bill to hand on to the Ministry of Education. It took a special sanitary squad four days to disinfect it. The most costly damage took place in the Bourse, when it was briefly set on fire. The destruction of its elaborate electrical apparatus for carrying the stock-market quotations made the highest repair bill for any single building—reportedly close to fifty million francs. That France's symbolic center of capitalism should be

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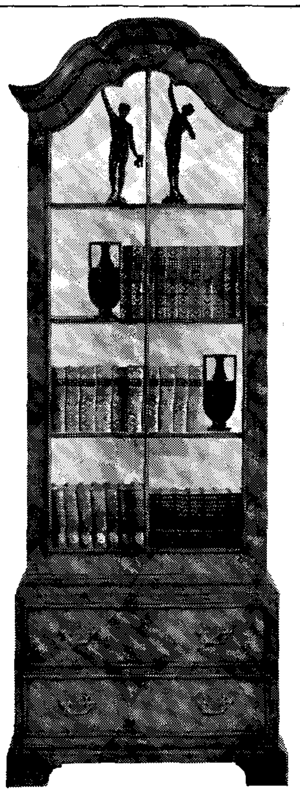

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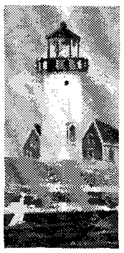

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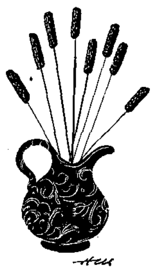
the costliest wreck to repair after the riots by the bourgeois students must be a very satisfying bit of political irony to the French Communist Party.

SEVERAL extremely interesting books, booklets, and special editions of magazines dealing with the riots have been published here. Two or three merit the attention of serious collectors of historic oddities. France's biggest afternoon paper, *France-Soir*, at once published a stunning paperback tricolor-bound album of its most exciting nocturnal and action photographs, called "Les Journées de Mai." They are superb illustrations of that terrible disequilibrium between the professional and the amateur fighters—the great, tilting charge of the helmeted, strong-bodied, and booted police, their shields angled like those of ancient gladiators, against the students in their sweaters and tennis shoes, perhaps with their garbage-pail lids held defensively aloft. Also shown are the students lying in groups in the streets, their hands clasped behind their necks on police orders, their legs drawn up tight to their bellies, as if to protect their very manhood or to keep their feet from being further trampled on—pathetic but spirited young castaways on the cobblestones in a true ballet of poses of distorted limbs and inexperienced despair. Unfortunately, "Les Journées de Mai" was issued in only one edition, which was immediately sold out and is now out of print. Tchou, the Sino-French de-luxe publisher of Kafka, has brought out the perfect little book for everyone who can read French and is interested in the revolution. It is inexpensive; is pocket-size, with a bright-red cover; is nearly two hundred pages long; is called "Les Murs Ont la Parole, Mai, '68;" and consists of the best of the graffiti and slogans scribbled on walls by the students, mostly in the universities but also in the occupied Odéon theatre—a choice collection of anger, cynicism, hope, hatred, and black, anarchistic, brooding comments, mostly Surrealistic in their intellectual style. Because all the walls were afterward cleaned, these graffiti are like original insurgent commentaries, which would have been lost under the cleaners' mops if the student-action committees had not had the sense to copy and save them. (Even as it is, though, they seem, in a way, like statements by ghosts.) Following each contribution is the name of the university and the part of its building where the slogan was found, such as "The Wall of the Sorbonne Staircase," so that for the reader each thought seems to have had at least a brief physical habitat.



Alain Buhlers' "Petit Dictionnaire de la Révolution Étudiante" is invaluable for defining briefly who and what every segment of the Days of May was, with lists of leaders' names, titles, ages, education, and backgrounds—even for the leaders of the minorities. "La Révolte Étudiante," published by Le Seuil, features statements and arguments by Jaques Sauvageot, vice-president of the Students' Union at the Sorbonne—twenty-five years old, with degrees in law and art history—and Alain Geismar, four years his senior, who is an assistant at the Faculté des Sciences de Paris. The book's major contribution is a remarkable dialogue between Jean-Paul Sartre, benign and enthusiastic, and Daniel Cohn-Bendit, twenty-three years old, born in France of German parents, brilliant, precise, magnetic in mind and laughing face and red, curly hair, without whom the Paris revolution would not have taken place. At present, he is the leading speaker for his generation in Europe. He has now disappeared back over the border into Germany—whether under French Foreign Office pressure is not clear, although his absence from France must officially be considered a salient relief here. It is noteworthy that this dialogue with the German student (who is in his second year of sociology at the new suburban University of Nanterre) has restored Sartre for the first time in several years to contemporary participation in Paris intellectual life, withdrawing him from the moldy immortality that isolated him. A sample of the subtle clarity of Cohn-Bendit's thinking is contained in the following statement he made to Sartre: "The defense of students' interests is, in any case, very problematic. What are their so-called interests? The students don't constitute a class. The workers, the peasants form a social class and have objective interests. Their demands are clear and are addressed to the owner hierarchy—to the representatives of the bourgeoisie. But the students? Who are their 'oppressors,' if not the entire system . . . of French society today?"

MUCH has been changed in France in the past six weeks, with victories and defeats that no one could predict or see in his imagination or hopes, or even in his hatreds. France itself seems changed by the very perpetuity of the same power figure it has so long known—that of General de Gaulle, whose party was reëlected last week in a victory like a landslide, and in a way as destructive, sweeping everything before it into a new politicized limbo and leaving familiar French political thinking and definitions temporarily homeless, denuded, and unrecognizable. For instance, the Communist share of the votes was pitiable in quantity and in significance, considering that the Party represented the workers of France. The French Socialists, who, under Léon Blum in the mid-thirties, initiated the forty-hour working week and the first paid vacations, were this time lost in the trashy leftovers that constituted the Federation of the Left or were smothered in the little Unified Socialist Party by the ill luck that in these late years has attended the efforts of Pierre Mendès France, once the Star of David for certain intellectual reformist minds. It was said here that there were no new political figures or groups in this month's elections. Yet was not the so-called Party of Fear—the citizens who, fearing chaos, ignored party lines and voted for de Gaulle—a new dominating group, and were not the revolutionary students the new Paris political figures, discovered by all of France in the newspaper headlines about the riots? In the suddenly upside-down situations that former leaders found themselves in, President de Gaulle, for instance, gained the odd position of a supremely upper-class leftist—the political leader whose old theory of profit-sharing participation between capital and labor many years ago taught the capitalists their original distrust of him. Now he is being hailed by them (and for the first time) as their temporary savior, after having so long merely saved France. The exaggeration of the Gaullist party's victory has turned the election into a kind of national political rebus, whose solution (especially after the disappearance of Georges Pompidou) no one can even guess at until autumn.

—GENÊT

•

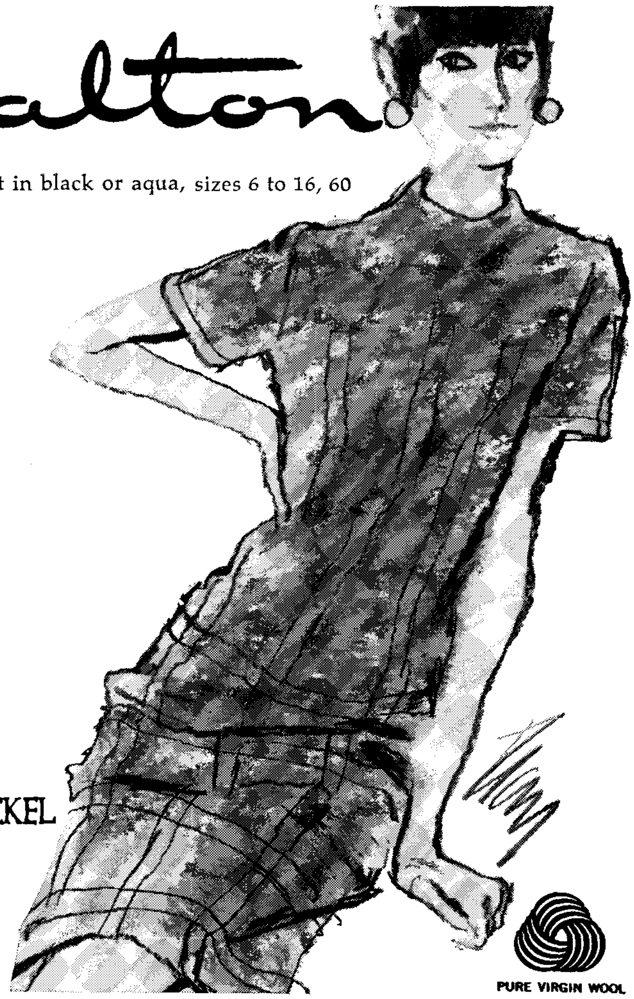
WASHINGTON (AP)—There are three Jim Lemons connected with the Washington Senators baseball team.

James H. Lemon, Sr., 63, is chairman of the board, and his son, James, Jr., 29, is assistant secretary.

James Robert Lemon, 47, is the new manager of the American League team.

The three are not related.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Uh-huh.



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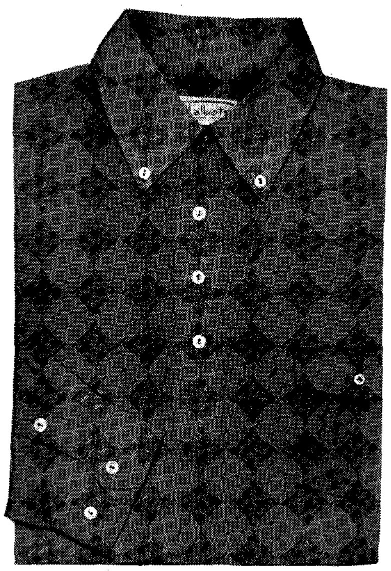

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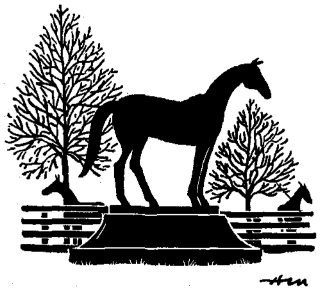
THE RACE TRACK

Greentree Thriller

Stage Door Johnny continued his uninterrupted run of successes in the Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday. It was his fifth consecutive victory, and it was a thriller, with a finish reminiscent of Buckpasser's memorable one in the Suburban a year ago. Two furlongs from home, Johnny's chances appeared to be scant, but with one burst of speed he swept past the leaders and won going away by a couple of lengths from Out of the Way, to whom he gave six pounds. Chompion, to whom he gave nineteen pounds, was third, a nod behind. Jig Time, Primo Richard, and Czar Alexander, also lightweights, were noses apart as they went under the wire.



As usual, Stage Door Johnny looked a picture in the paddock; his coat had a sheen to it, and his general condition seemed even harder than it was when he won the Saranac at Belmont. You also noticed that from the look of the hair on his front legs he'd been wearing bandages a lot, but, of course, that doesn't mean he has trouble with his underpinning. Out of the Way was very fit, too, and Jig Time wore a huge gray shadow roll that matched the color of his coat. From a quick, even start, Primo Richard and Czar Alexander, the long shots, alternated in setting the pace for the first six furlongs of the mile and a quarter, which they covered in 1:13, buggy-horse time. Stage Door Johnny, who had drawn the outside post position, began slowly, and Gustines, who rode him, made no attempt to hurry him until he had passed the far turn. Then Stage Door Johnny lengthened his stride (What a picture he makes in full flight!) and began to move, and the crowd, which had backed him down to 2–5, roared approval. Czar Alexander still held the lead in the stretch, and Out of the Way, coming up fast, threatened dangerously, but Johnny, skimming by them, got his head in front in the last furlong, and the race was over. By his victory, the Greentree Stable colt deserves to be classed as the best three-year-old of his sex. That's as far as I'll go, because I'm not forgetting my favorite three-year-old filly, Dark Mirage. Stage Door Johnny's chief objective now is the Travers Stakes at Saratoga Springs next month.

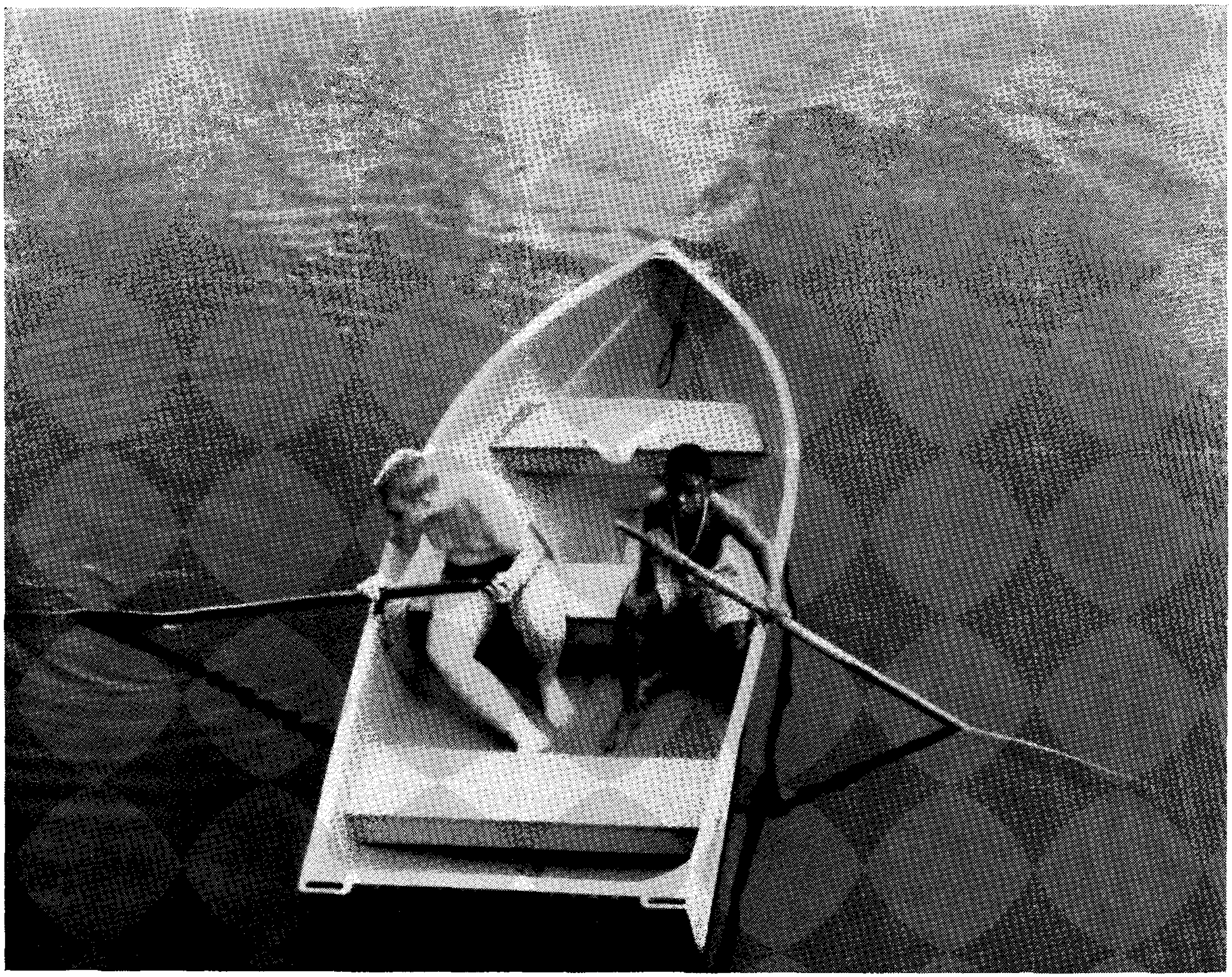
There's a saying around the race track that the first million is always the hardest. Could be. Twice in the space of ten days—in the Suburban and in the Amory L. Haskell Handicap—Damascus had a chance to move up into that select circle of money-winning horses, and both times he finished third. The Haskell, at Monmouth Park last weekend, was won by Bold Hour. He finished more than a length ahead of Mr. Right, who passed Damascus in the last few strides of the mile-and-a-quarter event. Returning observers tell me it was a lively affair. Eight horses ran, and Mr. Right, who hadn't won since the Santa Anita Handicap last March, was first out of the gate, but was passed quickly by King's Palace, who led for a mile. Here Bold Hour took command and held it. It seems to be generally agreed that Damascus, who carried 131 pounds—giving fifteen to Bold Hour, seventeen to Mr. Right, and more than that to the five other starters—tired under the weight. Ycaza, who rode him, said that his mount had no punch. After the Suburban, I was amazed when Frank Whiteley, who is more like Old Man River than any other horseman around, was quoted as saying that Damascus was short of work—which is to say that he hadn't been brought up to his top form for the race. It was an extraordinary admission from the trainer of a beaten favorite. Now the question comes up: Will Damascus run for the Brooklyn Handicap at the Big A this weekend? Some say he will, others say he won't. I'll string along with the nots. But if he does, he'll be duck soup for Dr. Fager. Bold Hour is a definite starter, however, and the good Doctor may find him quite a handful in his present form. Anyhow, like the Suburban, the Brooklyn Handicap is always a good show.

—Audax Minor

•

(TOKYO)—FRED CHINA HAS ACCUSED BRITAIN OF TURNING HONG KONG INTO AN AMERICAN BASE FOR THE WAR IN VIETNAM.—*A.P. dispatch received by WCLV, Cleveland.*

Never thought old Fred was a dove.



These youngsters are in the same boat.

On Beaver Lake, at the Fresh Air Fund's camping center in upstate Dutchess County, New York, they're learning how to pull together, to help each other along, to understand what teamwork and mutual respect can accomplish.

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COLLEGE SENIORS AND THE WAR

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE has thus far had a hundred and ninety-eight commencements, beginning in 1771. It has had a great many more than a hundred and ninety-eight valedictorians, since in the early years each senior spoke a farewell of his own. (A nineteenth-century commencement often lasted three days.) A considerable sense of student attitudes toward war can be picked up from this two-century line of speeches. The War of 1812, for example, interested Dartmouth seniors hardly at all. Commencement that year came exactly a month after war was declared, but no one would guess it from the twenty-one valedictory addresses. James Bartlett and Isaac Patterson went on with their planned "Dialogue on the Encouragement of Literary Pursuits in This Country;" they even threw in a passing complaint about a problem that Dartmouth students still constantly bemoan—the paucity of girls in Hanover. (It is tough, they said, to go four years "deprived of that agreeable intercourse with society which can render life truly desirable.") Their classmate Jabez Sargeant did raise the question "What Is Conscience?," but he discussed it entirely in non-military terms. Conscientious objection to war never occurred to him. Naturally enough. There was no draft in 1812, and the Army was being escalated only from twelve thousand to forty-five thousand men.

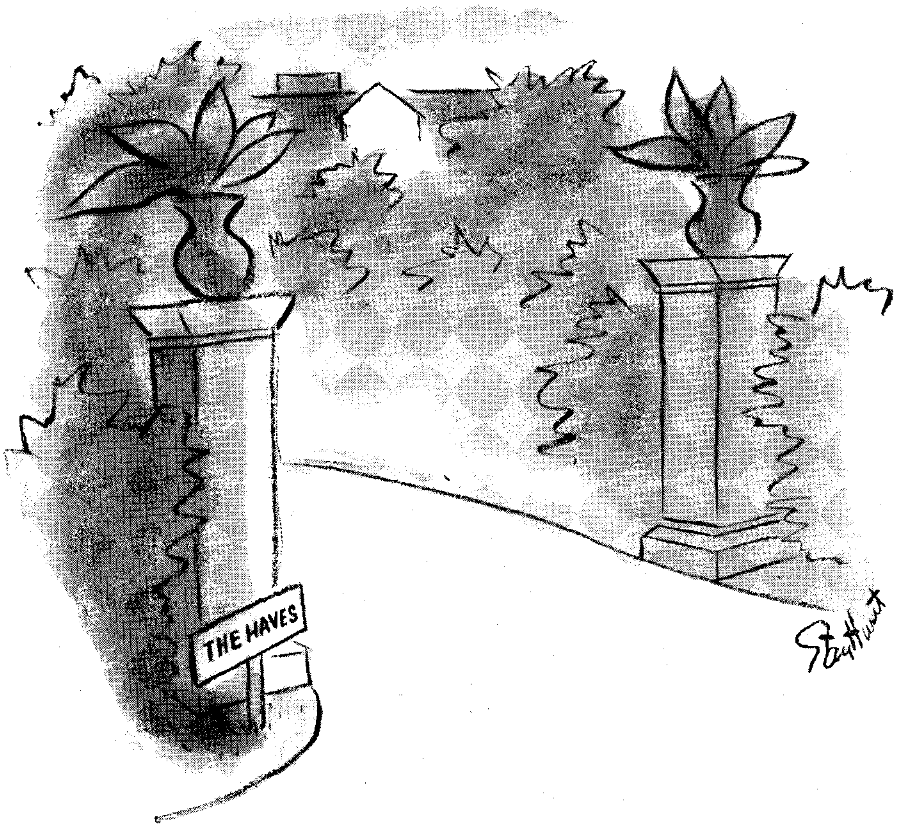
The Mexican War did get reflected at a Dartmouth commencement, though not much. Lyman Cutler's speech to the class of 1847, "Does England Present More Attractions to the American Scholar Than Italy?," is typical of what was said that year. But one senior, Charles Seccombe, raised the question "Is War a Sin?" Seccombe concluded that it was, using a style of argument more rigorous than that employed by most current valedictorians. ("It is not enough to inquire if war be an evil, for it may be said that it is a necessary evil; it is not enough to say that it is productive of much suffering, for it may be replied that the knife of the surgeon is productive of much suffering, as well as the sword, and yet who would blame the surgeon; it is not enough to say that it costs much, for it may be answered that whatever is truly valuable costs something, and that the cost, in general, varies as the value.") But in coming to the conclusion, rather like a Jehovah's Witness, that war is justifiable *only when God Himself orders* one Seccombe remained entirely in the abstract. He made no reference to the American Army under General Winfield Scott, then driving rapidly toward Mexico City with orders only from President Polk.

Starting with the Civil War, however, Dartmouth valedictorians began to talk about the war at hand, nearly always in support of it. George Farr, one of the three valedictorians in 1862, said flatly, "It behooves us all, both old and young, to gird on our armor and prepare to fight manfully the battles of our country." Farr meant it. Within three months, he was captain of Company D, 13th New Hampshire Infantry; within six he was fighting manfully in Fredericksburg, Virginia.

The Spanish-American War happened too fast to get much attention at commencement, but each World War in its turn dominated the occasion. Guilford Payson St. Clair, the valedictorian in 1918, gave a rousing speech, and then went off and enlisted in the artillery. There was less enthusiasm next time. Before we actually got into the Second World War, even a certain reluctance was visible. Peter Keir, the valedictorian in 1941, said sadly, "The same men who taught us that war is bad now tell us to go fight one." (One of the people he had in mind was the college president.) But Keir, like his friend the Class Day Orator ("We are simply resigned—resigned to the fact of a world war that must in one way or another involve us personally"), *did in fact go.* One ended the war an Army captain, the other a Navy lieutenant.

A year later, with the United States six months into war, the note of resignation had entirely disappeared. Charles Pearson, the 1942 valedictorian, was telling his classmates, "You, too, can fight this war with a zest you have never known before." It was thrilling, he said, to be so needed. "We do not have to worry about graduate school—Pensacola beckons, the battalions are calling us." One month after graduation, eighty per cent of the class was in service. In 1944, Pearson, having been beckoned to Pensacola and passed through, went down with his plane in the Pacific.

The Korean war, like the War of 1812, never figured at a Dartmouth commencement. Since it began about two weeks after graduation in 1950 ("We have a future unclouded by war," Robert Kilmarx said, inaccurately, in his valedictory, shortly before most of his class enlisted), it couldn't have come up that year. But it was freely available to the next two valedictorians, who both ignored it. Acceptance was their topic. "The class of 1952 is ready and willing to take its place in society," said F. Lee Coulter, Jr., its valedictorian. "Its place," to be sure, was mainly in the armed forces



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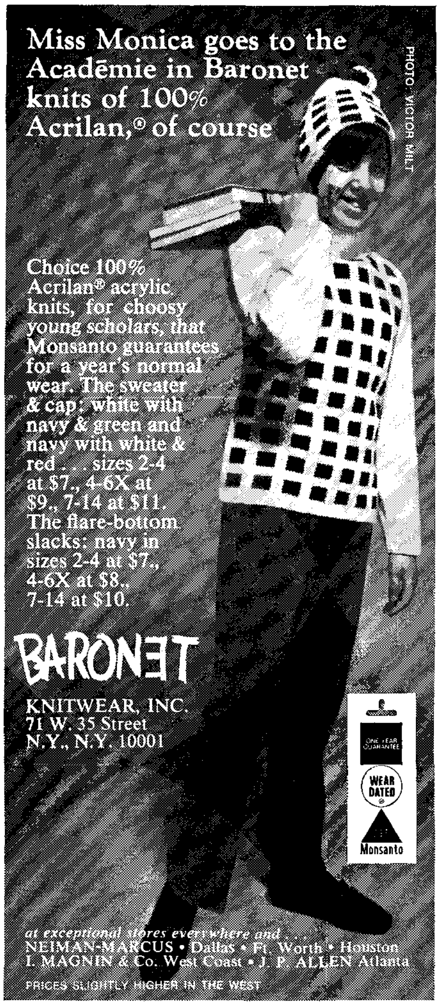

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for a few years, and Coulter himself enlisted that summer.

Vietnam is different from all these other wars. It crept up gradually on valedictorians, as it did on most Americans, and the speakers at Dartmouth in 1965, 1966, and 1967 had nothing to say about it. A month ago, however, James Newton, valedictorian of the class of 1968, devoted his entire speech to the war. He urged his classmates to refuse to be drafted and to refuse to fight, and to go to Canada. This advice drew boos and hisses from most of the parents and alumni present, and loud applause from most of his classmates. Having supported or ignored all other American wars, Dartmouth seniors are for the first time opposing one.

In advocating draft resistance and, especially, emigration to Canada (just what Harriet Beecher Stowe, married to a former Dartmouth professor, urged the slaves to do in 1851), Newton did not speak for a majority of his classmates. No one knows how many he did speak for, but probably no more than an eighth or a tenth of them. Only one out of a total of more than seven hundred has actually gone to Canada, and only a dozen or so have turned in their draft cards. On the other hand, in simply opposing the war and saying that it is no man's duty to fight in it (if he can find a lawful alternative) Newton clearly did speak for a majority. The senior class took its own poll on the war last spring, getting opinions from about five hundred and thirty of its members. (Some of the rest were abroad on foreign-study programs, and some were showing normal resistance to polls in a year when college students encounter them almost weekly.) Hardly any enthusiasm for the war appeared. The class found that about sixty-five per cent of its members were for an immediate negotiated peace, and twenty per cent more were for immediate American withdrawal, without any delay for negotiations. That left two per cent who wanted to go on with the war as it is, six per cent who wanted to step it up, and seven per cent who couldn't make up their minds, or who had other ideas, such as turning the whole thing over to international arbitration—a system for the abolition of war that was outlined in some detail by Charles Seccombe back in 1847. The class also found that a majority of its members were determined to stay out of the Army.

Here is a new phenomenon. The class of 1968 will not be rushing out to enlist, as the class of 1862 did, or the class of 1917. Its members cannot ignore the war, like the class of 1812 or the class of 1847. Because of a change in regulations, they cannot duck the issue by going to graduate school on deferments, as the classes of 1965, 1966, and 1967 did. (If eighty per cent of the class of 1942 was in service a month after graduation, seventy per cent of the class of 1967 was signed up for graduate school well before graduation.) What *are* the graduates of 1968 going to do? This is a matter of keen interest to their draft boards, their parents, and, to some extent, the country at large. Plainly, their mood is either revolutionary or decadent. A good deal of the American future depends on which.

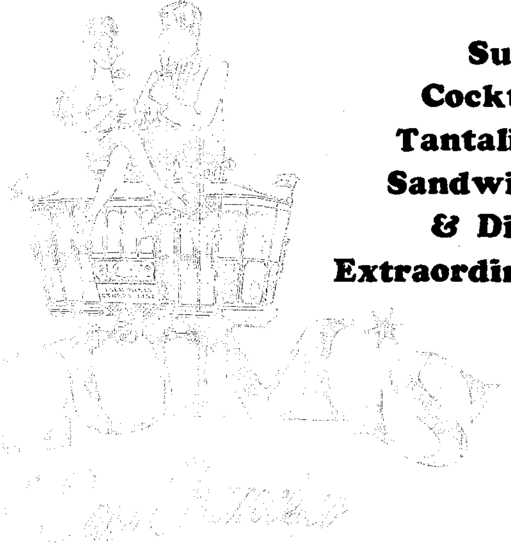
DURING the week before the class graduated, a member of the Dartmouth faculty made a fairly detailed study of the plans and ideas of what turned out to be almost exactly a quarter of the class—a hundred and seventy-six seniors out of seven hundred and six. It may or may not be a true cross-section of the class. But it does include a full range of types, among them twenty-two of the eighty-three R.O.T.C. students who were commissioned second lieutenants and ensigns on June 15th; one of the three men in the class who won Rhodes Scholarships and who, if it weren't for the end of graduate deferments, would be going to Oxford in the fall; and two of the possibly dozen men who have turned in their draft cards. Most of the men interviewed are very solidly members of the upper middle class, and nearly all of them come from solidly patriotic families. Their fathers could provide the higher-ranking officers for the better part of a division, including, as they do, two former full colonels, five lieutenant colonels, nineteen majors, thirty-one captains, and sixteen lieutenants. (I have translated a good many former Navy officers into their equivalent Army ranks for the sake of simplicity.) Their fathers also include forty-three former enlisted men, among them two retired Regular Army top sergeants, a former Australian Commando sergeant, and a grand total of eight privates and ordinary seamen. They also include some formidably patriotic civilians: two drivers of Army ambulances, the former chief attorney of the Manhattan Project, and so on. These fathers were volunteers by a ratio of nearly three to one—or, at least, they have told their sons they were.

What of the sons? They may or may not be patriotic, but few of them indeed have any faith in the justice of the war in Vietnam, or any wish to take part in it. A hundred and forty-two of them, confronted with the simplistic question "Do you support the war?," answered "No," or, sometimes, "Are you serious?" Thirty-two answered "Yes," and two rejected the question. (It is noteworthy that no more than three or four of the hundred and forty-two who were against the war minded the wording of the question, whereas half of the thirty-two who were for it protested such crudity, and began sorting out tactical and moral elements. This probably reflects the fact that anti-war sentiment on college campuses is so strong that the minority who support the war feel a little guilty about doing so and want to justify themselves.)

Let us start with the group who at least seem to be most patriotic by traditional standards—those who joined the R.O.T.C., stayed in, and are at this moment ensigns and second lieutenants. By every sort of test, they are almost as much against the war as their civilian classmates. Back last March, on the day before the New Hampshire primary, twenty of the forty-two senior Army cadets at Dartmouth placed an ad in the largest and most conservative paper in New Hampshire, which began like this:

> DON'T CALL US DRAFT DODGERS
>
> The undersigned New Hampshire college students all receive commissions as officers in the United States Army this June. We believe in our country. We will all serve. Some of us may die.
>
> But we strongly oppose the war in Vietnam. We think it is tragic for Vietnam and for the United States. America has its own problems to solve. Our cities face crisis after crisis while we use our resources to conduct a senseless war thousands of miles away.
>
> VOTE FOR McCARTHY

And in June the twenty-two cadets—mixed Army, Navy, and Air Force—who were part of the faculty member's study revealed themselves to be thirteen against the war and nine for it. So much for what the R.O.T.C. men say. What they do is what really matters. Most of them are going to spend the next one or two or three years quietly in graduate school, deferring their tours of duty as officers—as all three services allow—until sometime between 1969 and 1971. Many will be in law school, one will be studying city planning, one getting an M.A. in journalism, and so forth. Seven of the thirteen who are against the war will



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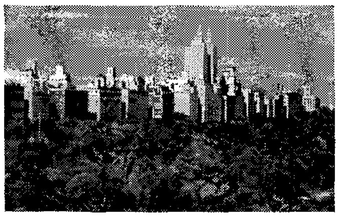

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be taking such deferments, and six of the nine who support the war will also be taking them. The battalions are not calling very loudly.

Even many of the R.O.T.C. students not going to graduate school have laid careful plans to avoid being in a position where they must fight in a war of which they disapprove. The forty-two new Army second lieutenants are the striking example. Army R.O.T.C. policy is to permit the new lieutenant to make first, second, and third choice of branches he would like to serve in. All forty-two at Dartmouth got one of their three choices. In the choosing it is often possible to see the Army and Dartmouth seniors working at cross purposes. For example, nine students put down the Finance Corps as one of their three choices. None were assigned to it. Twenty-one put down the Adjutant General's Office (that is, legal affairs) as their first choice; eight got it. By contrast, no one picked infantry first, and only three picked artillery first. Thirteen, however, were commissioned in the artillery, and one careless boy who put infantry third is now commissioned in *it*. The pattern of Transportation Corps, Medical Service Corps, and Signal Corps that runs through the list is very strong. These are not the choices of men with a zest they have never known before. The newly commissioned son of one of those two Regular Army top sergeants answered the question as to whether he supported the war with "No, no, no, no, no, no," and added that his father doesn't support it, either. (Only thirty-four per cent of the fathers do, which is still double the number of sons.) Nor is this feeling in any way limited to the Army. One of the Naval R.O.T.C. boys, asked what he would be doing after graduation, wrote, "I'll be an ensign in the U.S. Navy. Augh!"

Most civilian members of the class have also been making arrangements to stay out of the war. During the past year, two separate draft-counselling services have sprung up at Dartmouth, and probably half of all seniors have consulted one or the other. The smaller of the two is run entirely by students, and limits itself to advice and information on draft resistance. The larger, although originally organized by a couple of seniors, has become a quasi-official organization, and the actual counselling has been done by two of the college's younger deans, the chaplain, and about five members of the faculty. All have worked as volunteers. Almost every conceivable route out of service has come up during talks with one or another of the draft counsellors. One Dartmouth senior, for example, is a Canadian Indian who happened to be born in Detroit. (Dartmouth was founded to educate Indians, and still makes a reasonable effort to enroll some.) Having been a dual citizen all his life, he now wanted to find out what would happen if he renounced the United States half, and also how to go about it. Another had heard a rumor that tattoos on the face and hands are grounds for draft rejection, and wanted confirmation. (Obscene tattoos and tattoos on "exposed areas" are indeed grounds for rejection, but only at the option of the examining doctors. The student picked another way.) Most questions, though, were about the five main modes of deferment and exemption still legally open to college graduates. The surest of these is to be a medical student, and there has duly been a small upsurge in the number of students trying for medical school. It has had to be small, since medical students must usually start planning their pre-med courses when they are still freshmen. But a few of the seniors who were planning to get Ph.D.s in related fields have hastily switched to medicine, and are safe.

The twenty-three medical students (two of them transfers from biophysics) who were part of the faculty member's study come out as twenty against the war and three for it. Few of the twenty favor draft resistance—as they point out, they don't have to—and none of them express that blanket rejection of the present American way of life that so baffles and angers most older people. But not many of them are in the meek mood of 1952, either. As one of them, named Kenneth Dardick, wrote, "If we accept the idea of obligatory service to one's country (I think I do), why must it be so damned wasteful? How about this—all citizens, having reached the age of eighteen, will spend a year or two in service for their country in the manner in which they see fit, be it VISTA, the Peace Corps, the military, Teacher Corps, etc. Wow! I get all goosepimply when I think of all the good a couple million of us could do. How long could the ghettos stand under that kind of attack? When will General Hershey (and friends) learn that, like cities, a man's conscience need not be destroyed that it may be saved?"

The Peace Corps, VISTA, and the Teacher Corps are, of course, other means by which seniors are trying to

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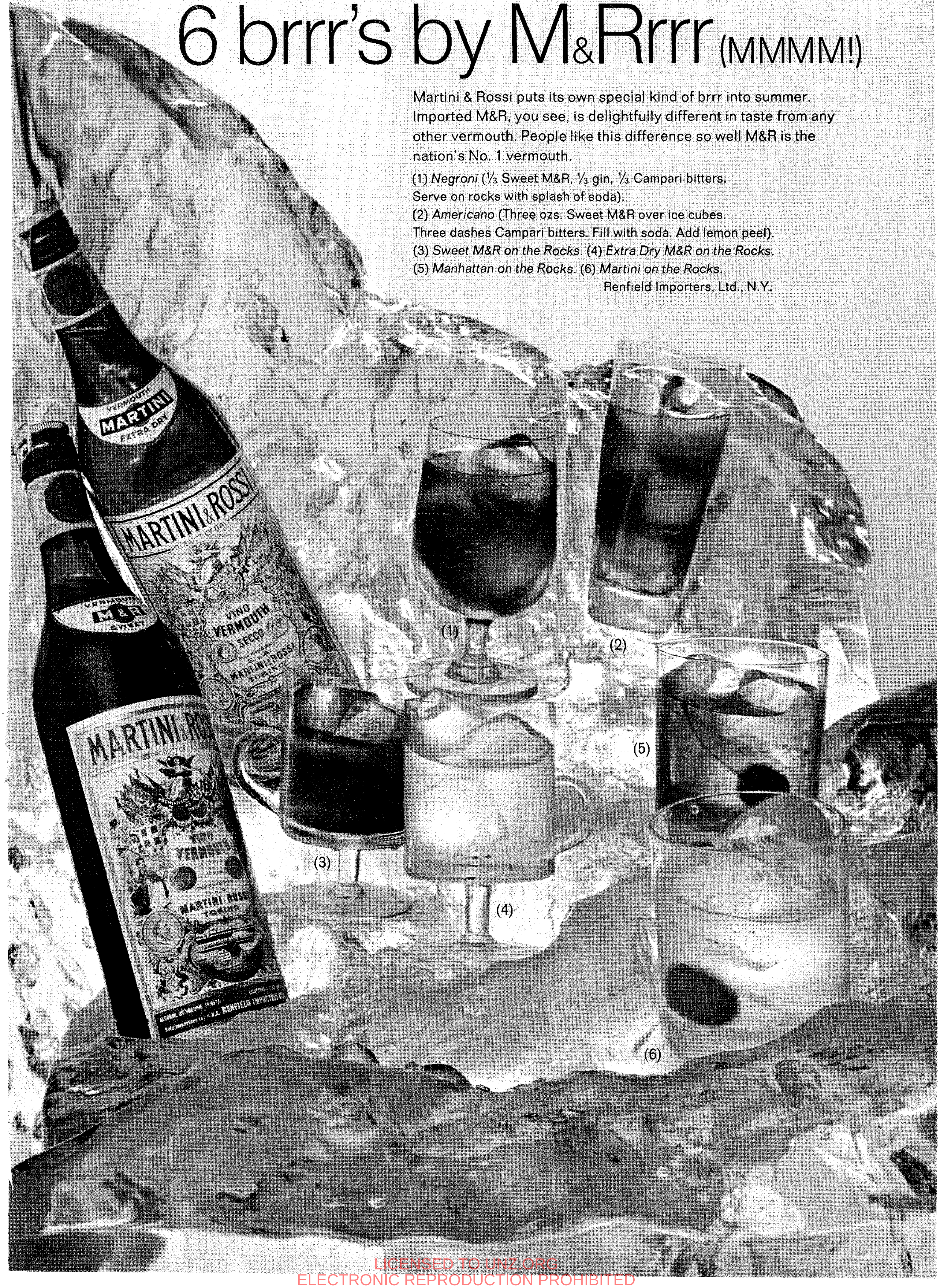
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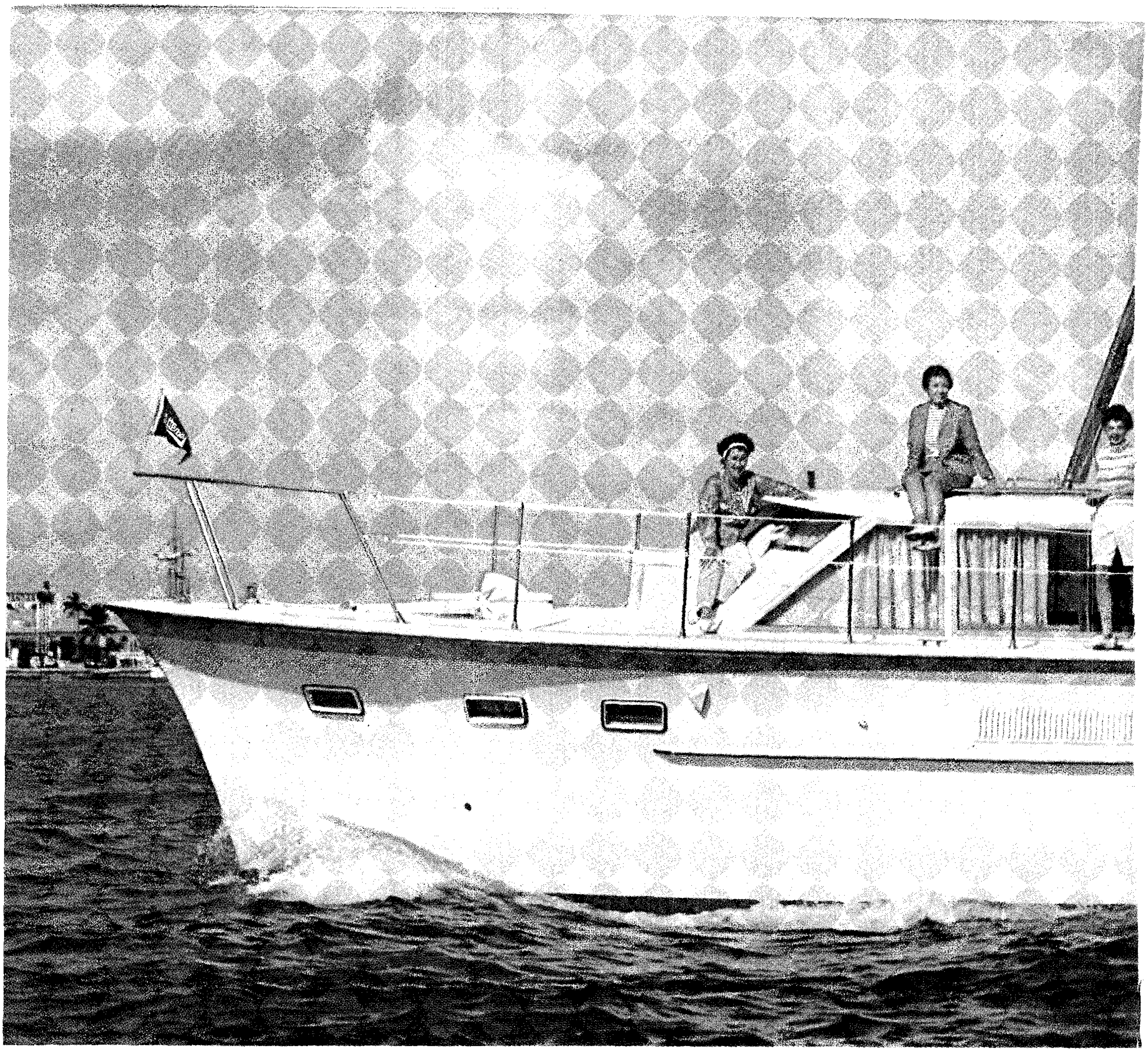

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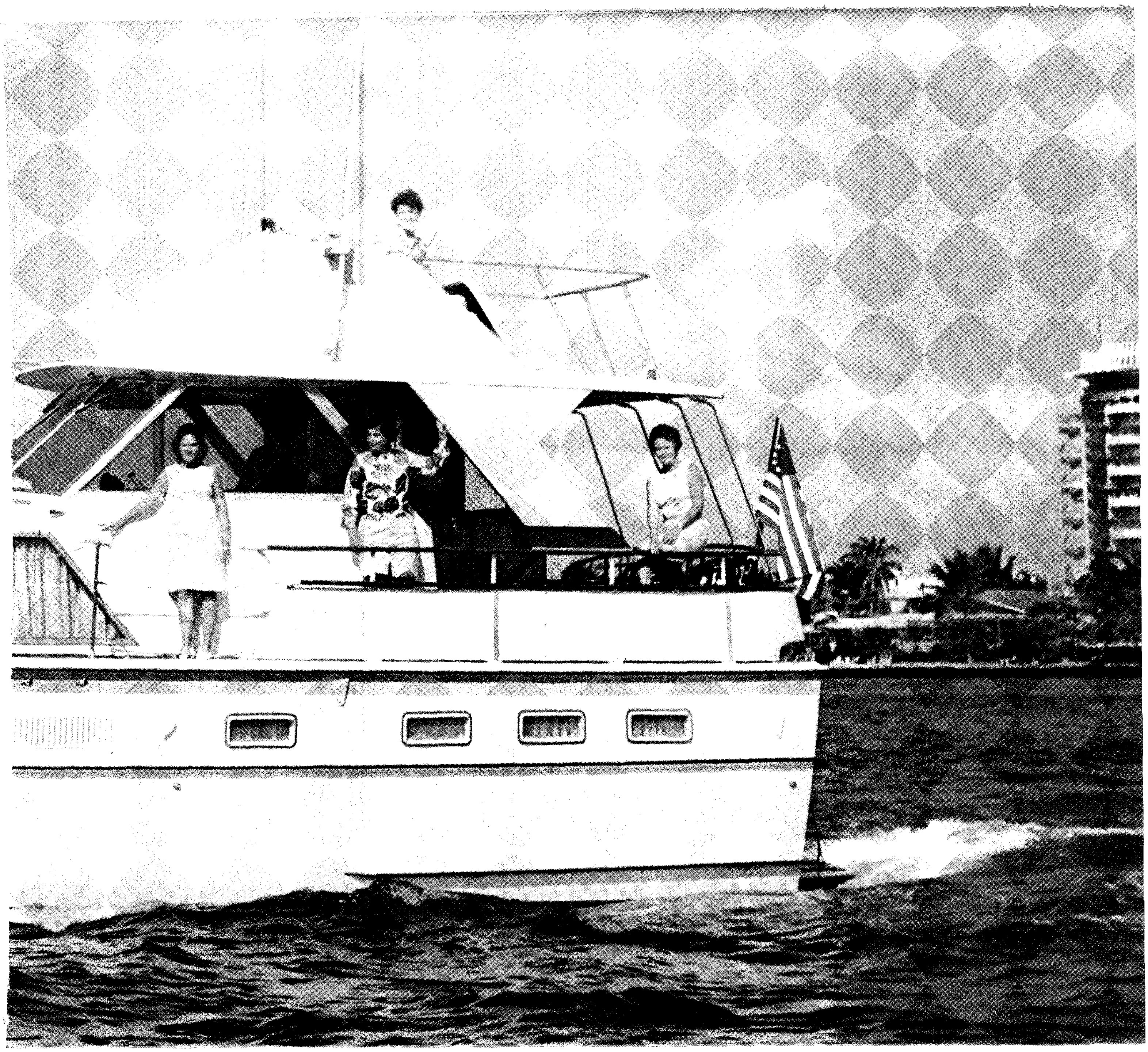

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salve their consciences without breaking the law. None earns a man draft exemption but only deferment for a year or two, and only about half the country's draft boards are granting such deferments at the moment. Nevertheless, fifteen students in the study expect to put off military service in this way, hoping the war will end. Six of them were aiming for the Peace Corps or VISTA in any case. The nine others had been accepted at graduate school but gave that up when deferments vanished this spring. What if the draft boards of these fifteen men won't let them serve in the Peace Corps, either, but, instead, try to put them in the Army? Three plan to go to jail, two will apply to be conscientious objectors, ten don't know what they'll do. One of the ten (who wants his name to be used, but I feel like protecting him against his will) explains why he hasn't even considered becoming a C.O.: "Conscientious objector is out. I don't feel like begging and pleading and trying to convince them that I find killing (in any size, shape, or form) abhorrent." And he adds a P.S.: "It's funny that the system tries to condition you to have high moral standards, and then tries to prove that the conditioning failed—i.e., denying hundreds of C.O. applications." (It's actually thousands now.) And then another P.S.: "Pray for peace—if peace doesn't come soon, pray for a *short* revolution." This *is* the kind of remark that baffles and angers elderly relatives. It is fair to add that elderly relatives do not always ask themselves why nice young men should say such things.

And why do they? I'll let two other Dartmouth seniors answer that. One is a veteran—one of seven veterans in the study. He left college during his junior year, served three years in the Army, and came back to graduate. Of those three years he recently wrote:

> My entire outlook on the world changed drastically. This is not the place for a Condensed Diary with True Confessions overtones; suffice it to say I discovered, and was inescapably and profoundly impressed by, the truth that the world is organized and controlled by and on behalf of those who harness and exploit whomever they can.... The meaning of "revolution" is precisely what, in this context, the Latin roots imply—to overturn this order of things, to begin with the idea of the people serving themselves, and to proceed in all things from there. In that sense I am revolutionary. The process need not necessarily be violent.

The other new graduate, a boy who would quietly be doing graduate work in English if he were allowed to, explains why he feels it necessary to resist the draft:

> If you accept the United States' role as a mediator in questions of Vietnamese unification, economic policy, and ideology, then you can accept what has followed. But even so, you must admit that while we may not have *started* the fighting (and are NOT technically the aggressors), we are the major *cause* of the revolution. We are doing in Vietnam what Russia did in Hungary in 1956. We are guilty, unless you happen to think that standardizing the world according to American values is the highest possible moral goal. I think many Americans do believe this, but if you look around a bit, it is very hard to understand why.

Another path away from Vietnam is teaching. Up until this spring, a teaching job was almost certain cause for draft deferment, and even now most draft boards are deferring most teachers. This fact is well known to students; the Teacher Placement office at Dartmouth has had five times as many inquiries this year as last, when graduate school was still a refuge. Few Dartmouth seniors, of course, have taken enough education courses to be eligible for jobs in the public schools; few have taken any at all—forty-five out of the seven hundred and six, to be precise. Maybe six have their teaching certificates. There are still private schools, however, and a fair number of schools like Governor Dummer and Detroit Country Day are going to have new Dartmouth graduates at least temporarily on their faculties. Thetford Academy, a small private school that really serves as the public high school for a region of Vermont some ten miles from Dartmouth, will have three, including one Rhodes Scholar-elect. It will be the first time in a hundred years that the Academy has had so many Dartmouth graduates on its staff. All three, of course, are counting on draft deferments—a hope fortified by the knowledge that if their local boards, in Michigan, Pennsylvania, and New York, do try to draft them, they will be able to transfer their appeals to the Vermont Selective Service Appeal Board, which, in general, does defer teachers.

Furthermore, states chronically short of teachers, of which New Hampshire is one—the pay is miserable—are usually willing to grant emergency certification even to people who have had no education courses at all. The result is a rapid flow of Dartmouth graduates to rural schools, where they have scarcely been seen since the time of the McGuf-

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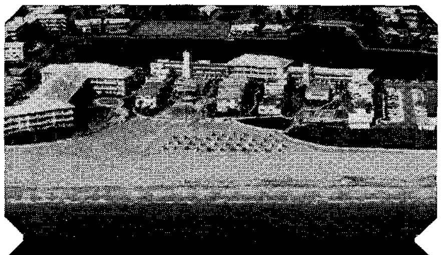

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fey Reader. The new elementary-school principal in West Stewartstown, New Hampshire, for example, is Steven Goldthwait, Dartmouth '68, a promising geologist. Lisbon, Colebrook, Orford, Lyme, Wilton, Greenville—each has hired at least one of his classmates. By the same token, Richard Galardy will not be taking up his Fulbright, Sherwood Guernsey will not be at the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, and so on. Perhaps a dozen other members of the class are trying for jobs in ghetto schools, but in big-city school systems emergency certification is harder to get.

The last two major paths out of the Army this year are conscientious objection and physical disqualification. All spring, the draft counsellors have been getting a steady stream of questions about whether only hereditary Quakers can be C.O.s and about how bad a bad ankle has to be to qualify its owner for 4-F. (The answer is very bad indeed. The common physical deferment in this war is called I-Y, a classification unknown to veterans of the Second World War. It amounts to a junior 4-F. Legally, a I-Y is defined as a man unfit for peacetime service—and Vietnam is a peacetime war—but good enough to go should it ever become a wartime war. For draft boards it has the further advantage of deferring service for only a year at a time.) For various reasons, including sheer exhaustion, draft counsellors keep very few records, but from the quarter of the class in the study it is possible to make some estimate of the number of new Dartmouth graduates who are trying these approaches. Of the hundred and seventy-six, six have filed applications to be conscientious objectors, and a seventh is appealing his already rejected application to the Massachusetts Appeal Board. Not counting the two Peace Corps volunteers, eight more may yet apply. No one is now classed C.O., principally because Selective Service has ruled that a student II-S deferment overrides a conscientious-objection I-O deferment, and therefore no student was even eligible until the day after graduation.

Seven out of a hundred and seventy-six is a small number, but not as small as it sounds, when one considers that in the general tabulation of 1966 there was a total of five C.O.s in the state of Rhode Island (two of draftable age), sixteen in New Hampshire (one of draftable age), and a hundred and ten in New York City. Of the Dartmouth seven, one is a Mennonite, one a Quaker (on his mother's side; his

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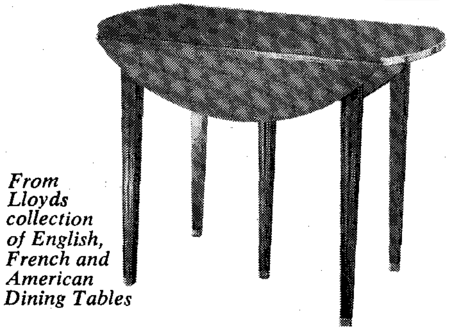

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father is a full commander in the Naval Reserve), and one the son of a Second World War C.O. The four others have no hereditary claims at all. Only Stanley Dirks, the Mennonite, whose minister-father spent three years in a Japanese concentration camp, and Michael Zavelle, the Quaker, have received any indication from their draft boards that their I-Os may go through. Most of the others are resigned to going to jail for draft refusal if their applications are turned down, but not in any glad-martyr spirit. All intend to put it off as long as possible. Two, indeed, are trying to keep high-school-teaching jobs open as a standby. (If they get their I-Os, they will be doing two years of alternative service, probably as something like hospital orderlies—a long way from the glamour and pay of ensigns in the Navy. Real hospital orderlies who are drafted often stay in the service as career men, finding the life easier.)

Whatever else these seven are, they are not simply naïve. All have heard the claim that only a country with a large army can indulge in the luxury of conscience at all. A boy named Kenneth Warner, who would be working for a Ph.D. in economics at Yale next year if he were allowed to, suggests that the real luxury is the large army:

> At first I found my conscientious objection difficult to reconcile with the "realities" of the world. Now I realize that my conscientious objection, and that of all thinking persons, is essential to preserving *any* reality.

As to deferment on physical grounds, not one of the hundred and seventy-six students has a 4-F, and just seven have I-Ys. (Most draft boards would not consider C.O. applications before graduation, but most were willing to grant a so-called "medical interview," in which a young man could find out whether he was I-A or not. At least two busloads of Dartmouth seniors took physicals at the Manchester, New Hampshire, Induction Center during May, 1968. They were about equally divided between those trying to pass the physical, in order to get into Officer Candidate programs, and those trying to fail, in order to get I-Y.) Thirteen others are, as one of them puts it, "preparing a case" to get I-Y.

The seven who already have their I-Ys are among the most relaxed of all this year's graduates. Six are off to graduate school, and one is enjoying the freedom of not deciding yet what he will do. Among the I-Ys, if anywhere, one ought to find the actual draft dodgers in the class, but they are not apparent. On the contrary, two of the seven were originally in R.O.T.C., and one volunteered this spring for O.C.S. It was "a wonderful surprise," he says, when he failed the physical. None of them seem more concerned about saving their own skins than their fathers were, though intensity of desire to save one's skin is obviously a hard thing to measure. At any rate, like the vast majority of Dartmouth seniors this year, these seven are plainly thinking at least partly about the world's skin. Paul Stageberg, one of the ex-R.O.T.C. I-Ys, who is a former Navy commander's son, says briefly of the war, "I think there are more important problems at home."

Finally, there is the illegal path that James Newton recommended to his classmates in his valedictory—emigration to Canada while liable for the draft. This is not a popular move, at least with the quarter of the class whose plans I know. Twenty-one have toyed with the idea (or with Sweden or France), but for only about ten is it really even a serious possibility. In the sample, more seniors than that (twelve) will be trying for commissions this summer. Apart from the natural reluctance of almost any American to emigrate, three things seem to be keeping these young men home. One is simple self-interest. The prospect of never returning, even for a visit, without risking arrest and perhaps five years in jail is hardly attractive. Nor do most young men of twenty-one want to cut themselves off forever from American girls and American jobs. Another reason can best be described as compassion for their families, or perhaps just love. Twelve of the twenty-one have discussed emigration with their families, and while a few fathers have managed what one boy calls "reluctant but disciplined acquiescence," or even approval, most are horrified. "My family are meekly anti-war, strongly anti-country-fleers," says one; another succinctly describes the parental response as "speechless disbelief." Most would prefer not to hurt their parents. The third, and probably the most important, reason is that most of even this comparatively extreme group still hope to work within the system. They take no joy in being rebels. Like about ninety-five per cent of all Dartmouth seniors, they are non-bearded, non-hippie, not very alienated, even in thinking about alien lands. Certain of them go out of their way to say they have no ob-

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jection to universal conscription—just to conscription for war. One specifies that he would be delighted to spend a couple of years "helping to rebuild all those villages that have to be destroyed to be saved." Even if the Presidential nominees this fall turn out to be Nixon and Humphrey (a situation that two of the boys, probably political-science majors, have said will send them speeding like arrows over the border), there will be a very small number of Dartmouth émigrés. They have too much hope. Only if we persist in the war, and if Peace Corps and teaching and C.O. deferments are gradually closed out, does a massive flight or massive illegal resistance seem likely. Even then, it will be a reluctant rebellion.

I think I will take as a symbol of the Dartmouth senior this year a young man named John Magyar Isaacson. He is the son of a lawyer in a small city (twenty-five thousand) in Maine. His father was a volunteer in the Second World War who rose to be a major. The son is a Phi Beta Kappa, a Dartmouth senior fellow, a national debating champion, and a Rhodes Scholar. He is also totally against the war, and is prepared to talk in extremes. "I have some status as a Rhodes," he has said, "and I've discovered that when I defend Jamie Newton's position on going to jail or leaving the country to Dartmouth alumni groups, they become much more serious about student protest." Isaacson himself is not contemplating either jail or Canada, however. He will spend this summer tutoring in the A.B.C. program at Dartmouth (it stands for A Better Chance), preparing a group of mainly Negro boys for college. In the fall, he hopes to go back to doing volunteer work for Senator McCarthy, as he did in California and Indiana this spring. In short, an optimist.

James Newton, also a Phi Beta Kappa, a graduate *summa cum laude*, holder of a National Science Foundation fellowship, and an applicant for C.O., is pessimistic enough to urge Canada. John Isaacson is optimistic enough to count on the election. Somewhere between these two, but nearer Isaacson, lies the mood of many educated twenty-one-year-olds this summer. There seems to be a plain lesson for the country.

—NOEL PERRIN

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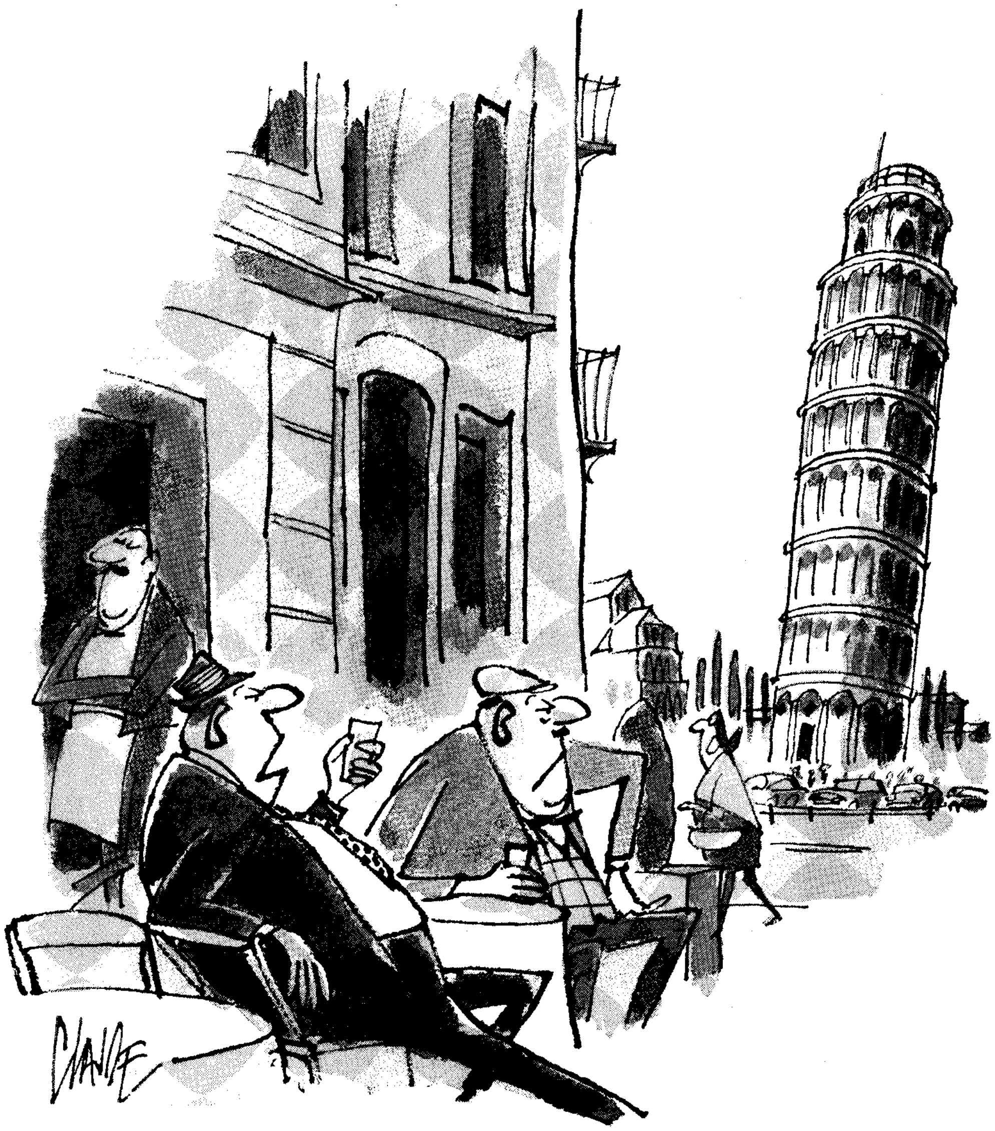
MUSICAL EVENTS

Newport Notes

THURSDAY, JULY 4TH: The sky is clearing, after a couple of leaden days, and there is a three-quarter lemon moon. It is Louis Armstrong's sixty-eighth birthday and the country's hundred-and-ninety-second, which means that Armstrong has been around over a third as long as his country, just about as long as General Motors or A. T. & T. or Con Edison, companies that sometimes seem to act as though they were signers of the Declaration. It is also the Festival's fourteenth birthday, and not, despite the puffery, its fifteenth, since the 1961 concerts were a popular-music replacement erected on the ruins of the 1960 Festival, which was sundered by the Newport riot—a bellwether uprising, if ever there was one. For all that, the celebration tonight was as lively as a cupcake. All that happened was a wild, crazy-legs cadenza by the pianist Joe Zawinul near the end of Cannonball Adderley's "Maria." It sounded like Bartók on a tear and like Cecil Taylor, and it was delivered with just the right touch of ham. For the rest of its time, the Adderley group rummaged in its blues-gospel-funk-rock bag—"soul soap" music, as my companion appositely christened it—and later Nina Simone rummaged in hers. We also heard Mongo Santamaria, a conga drummer who leads a proficient Latin blues band; the guitarists Jim Hall and Barney Kessel, who played separately and together, the first declaiming for the introverts of the world and the second for the extroverts; and Gary Burton's group (Larry Coryell, Steve Swallow, Roy Haynes), which shimmers like moonlight on the Ganges. Went to bed despondent.

FRIDAY: The weather continues to hold. The afternoon was sunny and limned by haze, and the evening fog made the trees look like low, gray-green clouds. The fog was also onstage and in the eyes of the beholders, for tonight, dubbed "The Schlitz Salute to Big Bands," we rambled down Memory Lane. The Basie band played itself for a couple of numbers, and then offered Jimmy Lunceford's arrangements of "Cheatin' on Me" and "For Dancers Only." Joe Thomas, Lunceford's admirable tenor saxophonist and singer (not to be confused with the trumpeter of that name), was ferried in from Kansas City for the two numbers, and he was wonderful. He is a genuine jazz singer and he remains—though he is now an undertaker—one of the best graduates of Coleman Hawkins' great academy. Basie was replaced by Woody Herman, who graciously played two Goodman arrangements, backed Jack Leonard singing Tommy Dorsey's "Marie" (the brass section swooped nobly through Bunny Berigan's solo), did Glenn Miller's "In the Mood," accompanied Erskine Hawkins in "Tuxedo Junction" and "Tippin' In" (Hawkins had a swinging, interesting band, but his banshee trumpet playing is no better now than it was twenty-five years ago), accompanied Bob Eberle in Jimmy Dorsey's "Amapola," "Tangerine," and "Green Eyes," and closed with Artie Shaw's "Nightmare" and "Summit Ridge Drive." In many ways, Sumerian history seemed fresher, but more was to come. Charlie Barnet, resembling an immensely prosperous cornflower, led the Ellington band (with Nat Pierce on piano) in seven Barnet numbers ("Skyliner," "Pompton Turnpike," "East Side, West Side," and so forth), whose main inspiration was the Ellington band. It was two mirrors staring at one another. Then Himself, not deigning to appear onstage with Barnet, played—ho-hum—"Take the A Train," "Passion Flower," "Sophisticated Lady," "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," and four slightly less shopworn numbers. The only news Ellington had was the announced departure of Jimmy Hamilton, who has been with the band for twenty-six years and has been replaced by Harold Ashby. Ashby, a Ben Webster admirer, looked pleased but be-



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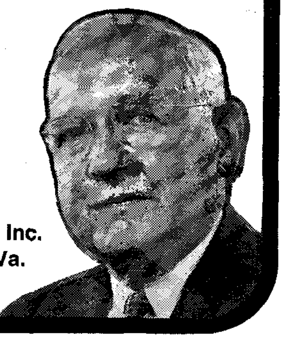

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wildered, like a man being praised in a language he doesn't understand. Nostalgia Promenade was capped by a reconstituted Dizzy Gillespie big band, using Gil Fuller arrangements, which were so inoperable that I left midway in the third one, learning an hour later that I had missed Benny Carter, who sat in for several numbers, one of them a statuesque "I Can't Get Started." But I can hear it in my head.

The afternoon concert was notable only for Rufus Harley's playing a bagpipe in a pleasant tune called "Windy" (he somehow supplied all the notes that have been missing from the instrument since it was invented); a great Dizzy Gillespie open-horn solo in "Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac" (he had his quintet with him), which began with soft, bouffant phrases and ended with mighty shouts linked by Mad Hatter runs; and four numbers by the Elvin Jones trio (Joe Farrell, flute and tenor saxophone, and Jimmy Garrison, bass), including a standing-ovation bass solo in "Risa" and a long, pagoda-structured drum solo in "Kayiko's Birthday March."

My master-of-ceremonies scorecard is filling up. It already lists George Wein, Father Norman O'Connor, John Hammond, George Simon, Alan Grant, Billy Taylor, and André Baruch. A choral number arranged for them by Gil Fuller would be suitable before the weekend is out.

SATURDAY: By and large, this afternoon was, as they say at *Down Beat*, a gas. Montego Joe, another conga drummer, brought on another Latin blues band, and it played with a rocking precision epitomized by the solos of its tenor saxophonist, Bobby Brown, who magically combined the late John Coltrane's adventurousness with a loafing, old-fashioned lyricism. Tal Farlow, who has only recently emerged from a long semi-retirement down on the Jersey shore, demonstrated—along with Johnny Knapp, Junie Booth, and Mousie Alexander—that inactivity is a two-edged sword. His ideas were fresh and sure and flowing, but his execution seemed stiff and calculated. Knapp, a many-handed pianist who recalls the basso-profundo ebullience of the late Eddie Costa, offset Farlow's perfectionism, and so did Booth, a good, limber Charlie Mingus bassist. Then a fine thing happened. Sonny Criss, a forty-year-old alto saxophonist and Charlie Parker offshoot, who has spent a lot of time in Europe and now lives in Los

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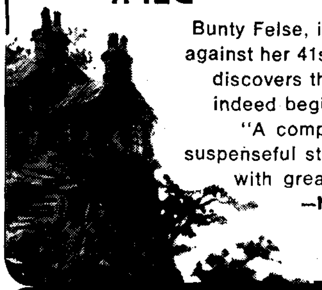

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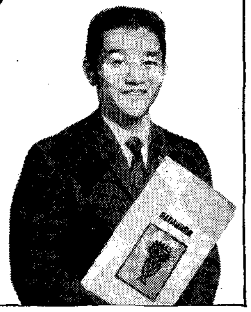

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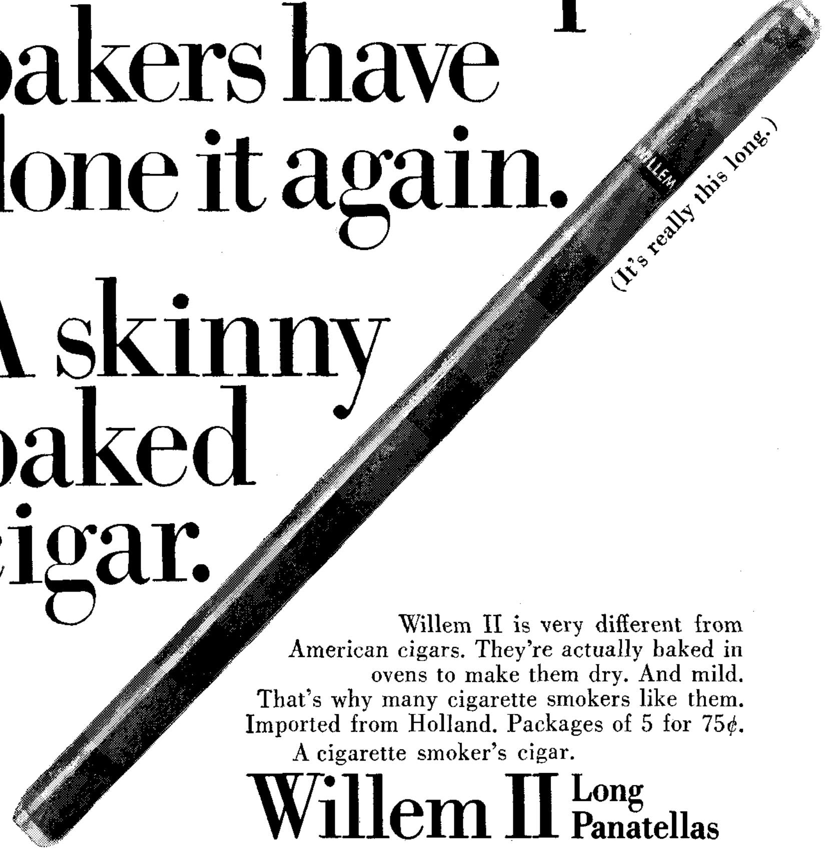
Angeles, played four numbers with Billy Taylor, Booth, and Alexander. "Willow Weep for Me" was a masterpiece. It included declamatory Parker-like phrases, long rests, whispering runs, and emotion-soaked shouts. Its dynamics were extraordinary and its structure was flawless. It was the sort of performance that crystallizes everything, that makes time stop and wait. The remainder of the afternoon was a jumble. Benny Carter came on with Duke Ellington, Johnny Hodges, Jeff Castleman (bass), and Rufus Jones (drums), and the set got off on the left foot when Ellington facetiously introduced Carter as the man a symphony musician would consult about jazz and a jazzman would consult about the symphony. During the six tunes, Carter was allowed just three solos (most of the time he simply stood behind Ellington, watching Ellington's hands and looking confused), and, although Carter is one of our most esteemed composer-arrangers, the tunes were all by Ellington or Billy Strayhorn. Backstage observers reported that after the performance Carter, a man of remarkably even humor, was badly shaken. Ellington, it would appear, is human, after all. The eighteen-piece University of Illinois Jazz Band, finishing up the afternoon, played with an aplomb and conviction and precision which ironically suggested that when a form of jazz can be executed so well by college students it has been exhausted. (*Vide* New Orleans jazz, Dixieland, stride piano, and bebop.)

The evening began beautifully and ended irrelevantly. Alex Welsh, a cornettist and the leader of a fine seven-piece English swing band, backed Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell (whose "Pee Wee's Blues" and "Love Is Just Around the Corner" were unbelievably subtle and fresh and affecting), Ruby Braff, and Joe Venuti, who, at sixty-three, managed "Body and Soul" and "Sweet Georgia Brown" much as he might have forty years ago. The whole crew jammed "Royal Garden Blues," ending with a sunburst chorus that made Archie Shepp's best ensemble efforts sound like tantrums. Then *Joan Crawford*, appearing on behalf of Pepsi-Cola for not altogether clear reasons, introduced Duke Ellington. "Hi, I'm Joan Crawford, and I can't tell you how wonderful it is to be with all my friends on this magnificent evening." She continued with a fruity eulogy to Ellington. When a genial heckler shouted something, she stopped, yelled "Shut up! You just



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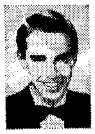

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shut up!," and finished her script in a shaking voice. Ellington, possibly feeling a little maladroit after the afternoon's dislocations, kissed Miss Crawford, played nine hand-me-downs, including our *third* "Things Ain't" in two days, and refused to end his set. (He finally left the stage, after Woody Herman, appearing from the wings, attempted to dance with him, whereupon George Wein announced the intermission, leaving the band sitting there with its mouth open.) The evening was rung down by Hugh Masekela, a South African Harry James, and by Dionne Warwick, a homogenized gospel singer. It was a surprising day—the kind, in fact, that makes one grateful to be safely on the sidelines.

Sunday: A jewel of a day, with invisible air, hot, pressing sun, and a galloping breeze. The afternoon was given over to Ray Charles, and—stirringly beautiful, a little miraculous—it ranked with those celebrated Newport afternoon concerts of gospel singing (1957) and tap-dancing (1962). The evening was unavoidably anticlimactic. (Wouldn't it be better, since Sunday night is a gray and tapering time anyway, to simply have one Sunday concert, starting around three and ending at eight?) Ramsey Lewis, a tall, heavy-handed pianist, passed out three or four helpings of soul soap, and was followed by an odd, ethereal vocal trio from California called the Sound of Feeling and made up of a singer-pianist, Gary David, and the twins Alyce and Rhae Andrece. The group concentrates on impossible harmonies, the notes that exist in the cracks of the piano keyboard, and such metres as seven-four. There were Bergian sounds and spook sounds and Paul Verlaine set to music, but few sounds of feeling. It was chilly, expert music, and it prompted a man sitting nearby to observe that it was "not very conducive to audience participation." Roland Kirk, a one-man reed section, who seems to carry huge bags of sound around with him, sweated and swung and stomped through six numbers, sometimes playing his instruments separately and sometimes all at once. His clowning has yet to conceal the fact that he is a consummate musician. He made way for the Horace Silver quintet, whose three endless selections sounded exactly like any three he might have played ten years ago. Don Ellis's infallible nineteen-piece Los Angeles band agreeably closed the Festival with a number in thirteen-four, a country-

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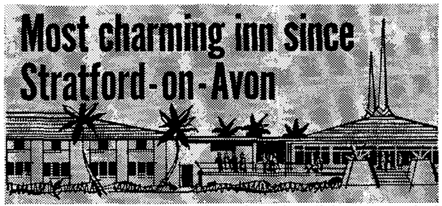

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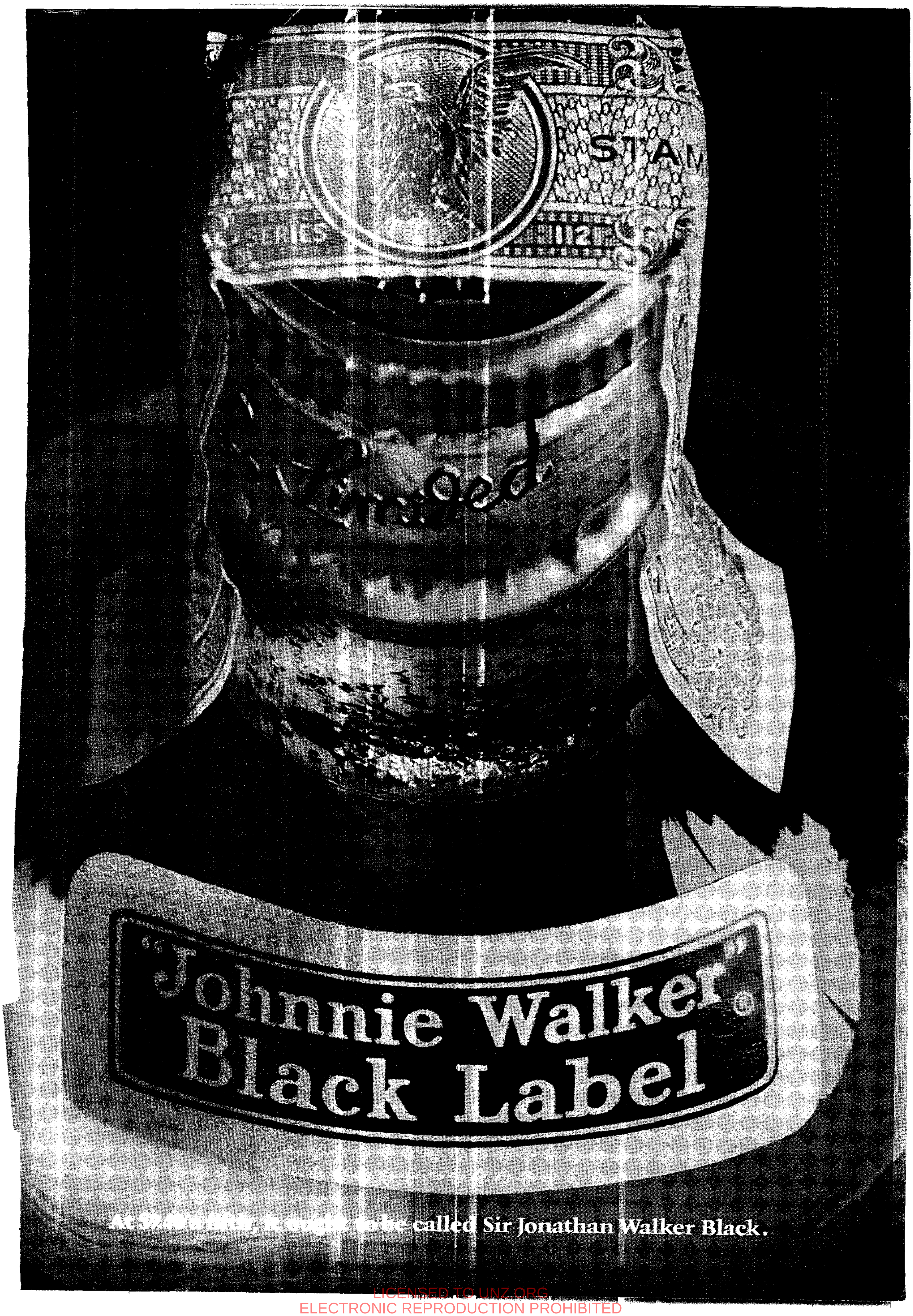
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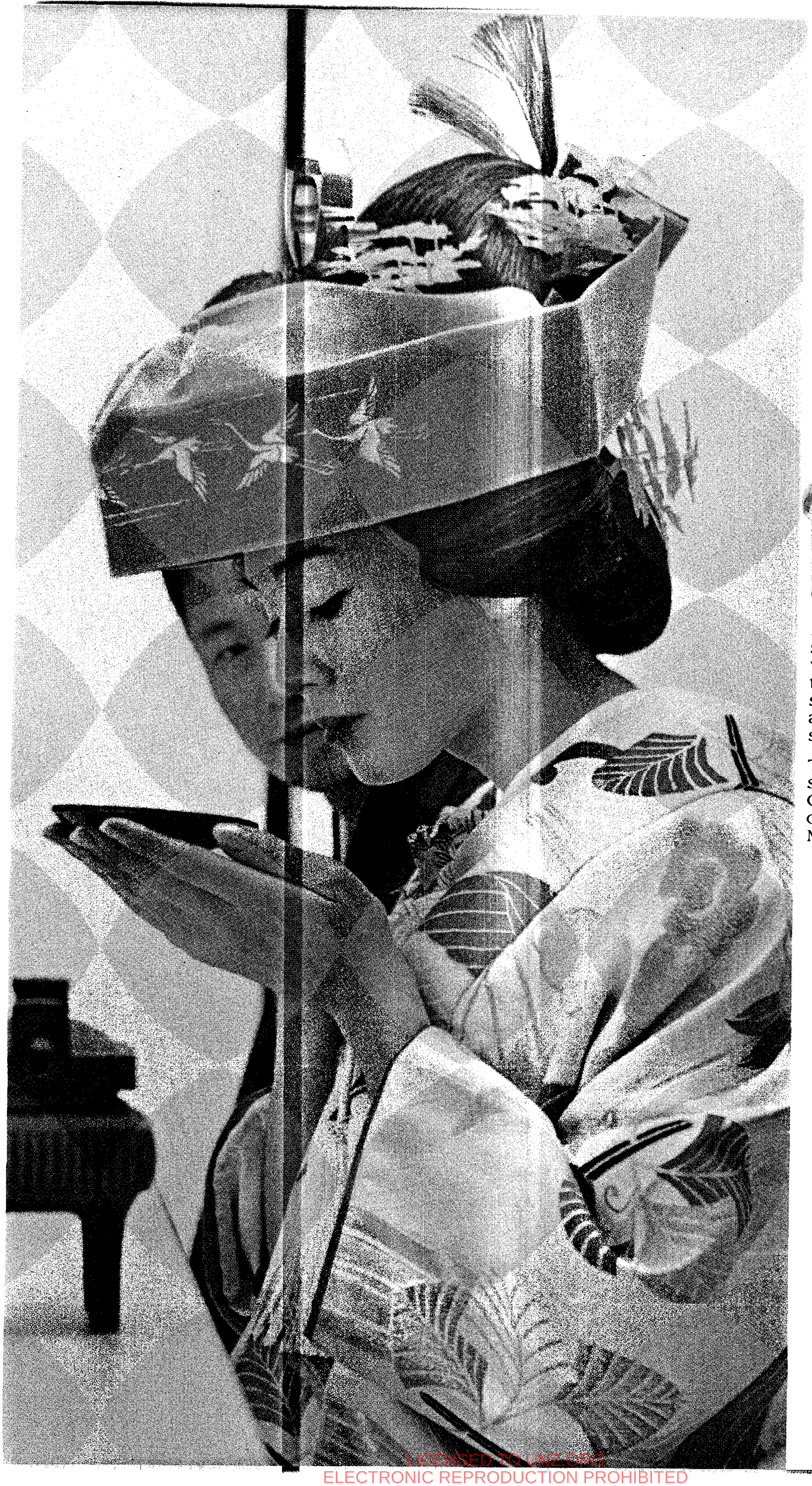

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and-Western in seven-four, an ingenious reworking of Charlie Parker's "K.C. Blues," and an electrophonic number that summoned up other planets, other galaxies.

The Charles concert began, as is now customary, with a dozen numbers by his fine big band, his vocal quartet (the Raelets), and a singer and dancer named Billy Preston. The Master, dressed in an olive velvet jacket, came on after the intermission, and before his first number was over his presence—Billie Holiday had the same thing and Mahalia Jackson has it—seized Festival Field; he could have done "The Beer Barrel Polka" and "Moon of Manacura" without losing an ounce of attention. In the course of seventeen numbers, he sang his incredible anthem, "Georgia on My Mind," getting off a "Now I said, Georgia" in a high soft moan that shook the timbers, and backing himself all the while on piano with marvellous, digging blues figures. He sang "Marie" in a bright, funny way, recalling his "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and the Beatles' "Yesterday" and "Eleanor Rigby," turning them into altogether new numbers. He sang a slow, swaying "Let's Go Get Stoned," he swung "You Are My Sunshine," and he ended with a long, layer-upon-layer version of "What'd I Say" that swung so hard it made the entire audience leap to its feet. No other jazz performer could have topped it, although one of the Raelets, Sister Clydie King, who sang Bobbie Gentry's "Ode to Billie Joe," came very close.

MONDAY: The heartening facts are in. Upward of sixty thousand people attended the Festival, the largest number in its history, which suggests, despite all the dire indications of the past few years, that there is life in the old music yet. The Festival, as always, had its faults—too many performers, too much mediocrity, too much m.-c. gabble. (On Sunday night, the comedian Flip Wilson was the m.c., and he was very funny, particularly as he told about playing a long night-club act that seemed to be going so well he added forty-five minutes to it. When he finished and went out to the parking lot to get his car, the audience was waiting to beat him up. The only assailant he was able to catch was his manager.) But considering the tricky, quicksilver nature of jazz, the Festival had a high proportion of classic music—Charles, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Thomas, Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Criss, Joe Venuti, Benny Carter. Best of all, it was—and this has not always been true—a fervent celebration of a music that, though often beyond mere celebration, needs it just the same.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

• •

IN A BOAT ON GLIENICKER SEE

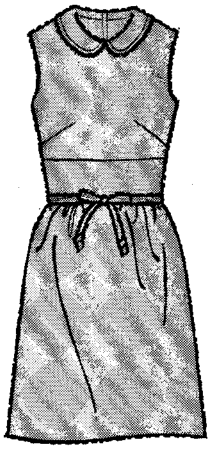
In Germany,
I used to watch the bass
motionless in turning dust and algae,
sunbathing,
just a handsbreadth deep.

Hundreds,
whole tribes of bass!
No bait could lure them from their meditations—
potatoes, ringworms,
daymoth grubs . . .

They would lie still for hours,
stone-still
save for the spinweb blossoming
of fin and gill.

They stood like ancient warriors
in formation, backplates glinting—
the spindly newborn in the center, on the flanks
moss-covered, barrel-chested giants
with butcher's neck
and Genghis Khan mustache—
or like
a thousand needles pointing toward some north
that magnetizes only bass.

—JOEL AGEE



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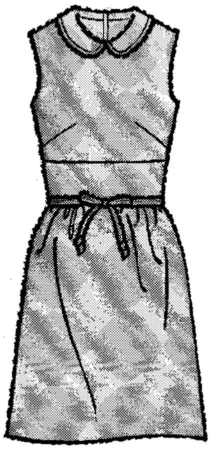

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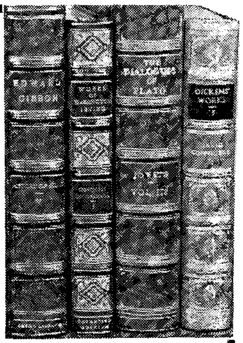

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Telling It Like It Isn't

I'VE tried hard to find something admirable or engaging about "The Story of a Three Day Pass," but I can't make it. I don't see why the fact that the film was directed by a Negro—Melvin Van Peebles—and was achieved in a bad, hard time should inhibit anyone from saying that it is a craven and unfelt picture. You could call it "unpretentious," but that would be a coverup, for the truth is that you pine for the film to be a little immodest and quit licking your boots. The story is very simple, and it could be fine. An American Negro soldier with three days' leave has an affair with a French girl—in France, tactfully—which ends in idly dealt-out perfidies and retaliations by the whites around him. If the film had mustered any natural effrontery about telling what happens, or any regard for its characters, that in itself would have been exhilarating, and the picture might have seemed true and grievous. The trouble is that the hero, played by Harry Baird, has been given a fatally winsome and wet personality. He apologizes all the time for being a Negro, and has a tantrum of fluffy whining when a harmless Spaniard addressing a star-dusted serenade to the couple in a sentimental restaurant makes a singing reference to the girl friend's big eyes and her companion's black skin. "He meant it as a compliment," the poor girl says, with truth, struggling with her man in his temper fit, but he clings to his grievance, because the film wants to make its general point about the suspiciousness that whites have bred—though it doesn't possess the gumption to raise womanish moaning to the level of rage.

3
ARTS
LAST WEEK
Hsu

Nicole Berger, who plays the girl, is an interesting actress under other conditions, but the coyness of her part here is enough to drive you up the wall. She stands bemused at the window in her nightdress, and looks throbbingly at things, and smells the air, and wishes that moments could last forever. But for all her enveloping wooziness she is also startlingly bigoted for a character who is supposed to be French. When her lover comes near her, she has an immediate fantasy of him as one of a band of cannibalistic savages in leopard skins. France has many right-wing problems, but this unfortunate hallucination is not one of them. The affair that the film depicts is very, very retarded, like some halcyon bunk-up between Christopher Robin and Winnie-the-Pooh. This is obviously because the picture is terrified that it is handling dynamite. If only it had hung on to the fact that it is supposedly handling people. These two imagined adults get attacks of idyllicism in haycarts, and there is a bad moment of rapture when they dance around a tree as if it were a maypole. It's true that they are hampered by having no language in common, apart from entirely suitable kindergarten talk. She speaks to him in pidgin French and he speaks to her in pidgin West Indian English, and then each translates for the other, thus surreally supplying the other's instant subtitles and making the film marketable all over the place. I kept being reminded of the generally excruciating experience of watching ballet try to present a sexual narrative. The two depleted creatures here mime and swoon and posture, and seem like no human beings on earth. The film includes, for instance, a high shot of the two of them scampering around their first bedroom, making bliss movements and getting into stylized positions of joy to look out of the window. It is inconceivable that any affair between two whites or two blacks could have been photographed like this. Every frame and word of the picture expresses something affected and heedless of character. I don't suppose it will do any active harm to civil rights or lend any useful argument to the segregationists, for all the unintended racist effects of its timidity, but how much better things would be if the movie could have found the courage to be grown-up.

"Don't Raise the Bridge, Lower the River," Jerry Lewis's thirty-seventh picture, is the first he has made outside Hollywood. It was produced in England. Something there must have calmed him down. His style is much less hectic than usual, though I'm still blind to the quality in him that millions of people find winning. He makes the oddities of his comic heroes seem very feigned. His wildly rolling eyes don't strike me as eccentric or beset; they look more like the expression of a try-hard man out of his element and saddled forever with the role of

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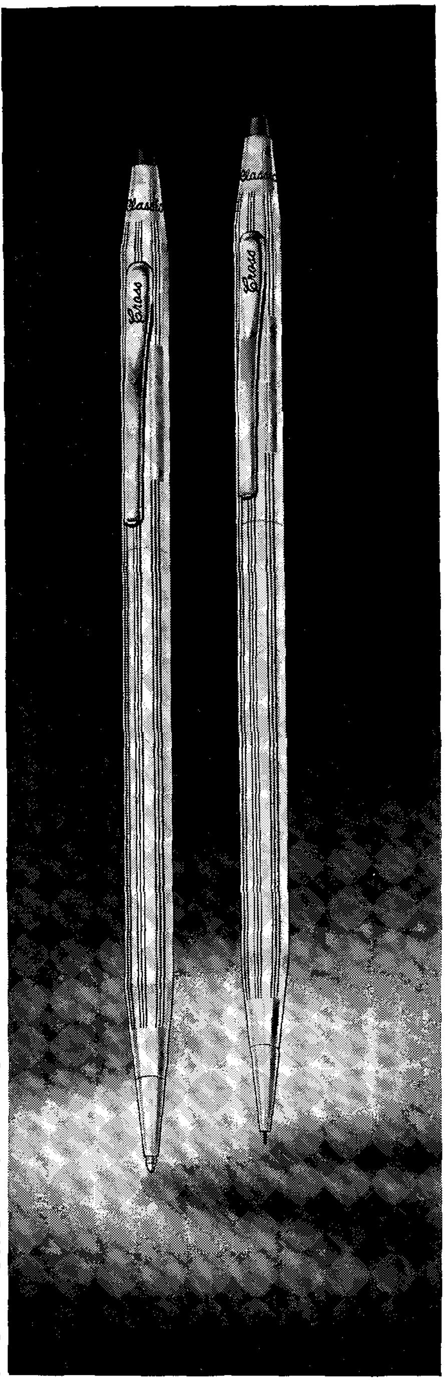
being funny to a backslapping carful on a commuter train. There is something obscurely bullying under his self-deprecation, as there is under Norman Wisdom's. Keaton, W. C. Fields, Fred Allen, Sid Field, and the beloved and haunted Tony Hancock, who has just died, had more dignity. The funniest men always seem independent of your opinion. You take them or leave them. Sometimes Jerry Lewis appears to beg, like the bad patches of Chaplin, except that Lewis does it with the hypomania that so often characterizes current show biz when it has no real fuel to run on. One sees the same ersatz energy in a lot of musicals, and on TV all the time.

In "Don't Raise the Bridge," Jerry Lewis plays an American businessman in England married to a prissy English girl, who predictably throws in the sponge after three years of his hare-brained get-rich schemes. You know at once, from the opening scene, which shows his wedding, the sort of comic character the man is going to be. A zebra suddenly crops up from nowhere, led by a man in a fez, and Jerry Lewis says "Not now." I'm not sure why he doesn't make this funny. If Robert Dhéry had done it in a scene with Colette Brosset, waving the zebra aside and getting on intently with something more commonplace—as one of his troupe once doggedly got on with fitting washers onto taps backstage at a strip show—it would have broken me up. I think the difference has something to do with the way Lewis so deliberately sets up his gags to be zany. All the same, there is a good idea in the situation of a man who is trying to reconcile the roles of a bridegroom out of this world with a dewy new wife and a compulsive telephone-answerer strenuously in this world to woo fast bucks. The hero of "Don't Raise the Bridge" is the kind of guilt-stricken, divided go-getter who might well wreck a honeymoon by giving a promotional interview to the local newspaper while his wife fretted around in her negligee. There is, in fact, a scene in which Jerry Lewis is dining by candlelight with his dumb cluck of a bride yet can't resist any interrupter who knocks on the hotel-bedroom door. One is an Indian snake charmer, who barges in with speechless melancholy and takes a place at the table. "Is your head any better?" Jerry Lewis asks him, solicitously and inscrutably. The wife's back finally breaks under the weight of her husband's genius for spreading himself thin among improbable overseas contacts, and she starts



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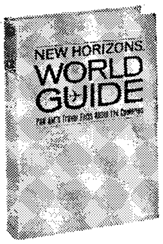

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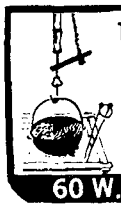

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to get a divorce. Her globe-trotter rather endearingly puts his failure down to having given her no permanent home, and makes hopeless amends by turning her own house into a discothèque. It doesn't work, of course. Something then occurs that has to do with smuggling to Portugal the oil-drill designs of his wife's posh engineer lover (Nicholas Parsons). The plans are hidden in the tooth filling of a free-lance airline steward, agreeably played by Bernard Cribbins. A crooked money raiser is played by Terry-Thomas, dressed in a green smoking jacket and full of his usual appalling cheer. The screenplay is by Max Wilk, who is an American but who seems to have absorbed some of the kinds of music-hall humor that are supposed to make only the English laugh. The verbal constructions often strike my ear as pure Blackpool-vaudeville, and blissful. (There are some fine lines about dentistry, for instance. "What? Tinker with an occlusion?" says a cross man who feels seriously about teeth.) Mr. Wilk has cottoned on to something huffy that is central to the style of a lot of English comedy, from Lady Bracknell to the "Carry On" films, which are always full of Kenneth Williams climbing onto his high horse. I've left the best to the last—a very good performance by Patricia Routledge, as a Girl Guide den mother, who could easily have been guyed as a stock English hearty. Miss Routledge makes her individual, funny, and rather nice. When Jerry Lewis shelters from derring-do behind the excuse of mumps, she says firmly, "Mumps? Is that any reason for showing the white feather?"

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

"I touched him!" girls shrieked time and again. Women, some well into middle age, lunged to kiss Mr. Trudeau as he made his way among Saturday morning shoppers.

The Prime Minister sought to touch every hand held out to him and he signed dozens of autographs "P. E. Trudeap" in a bold scrawl.—*The Times.*

Well, if they'd stop lunging . . .

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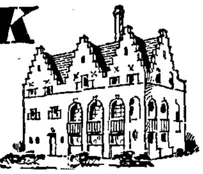

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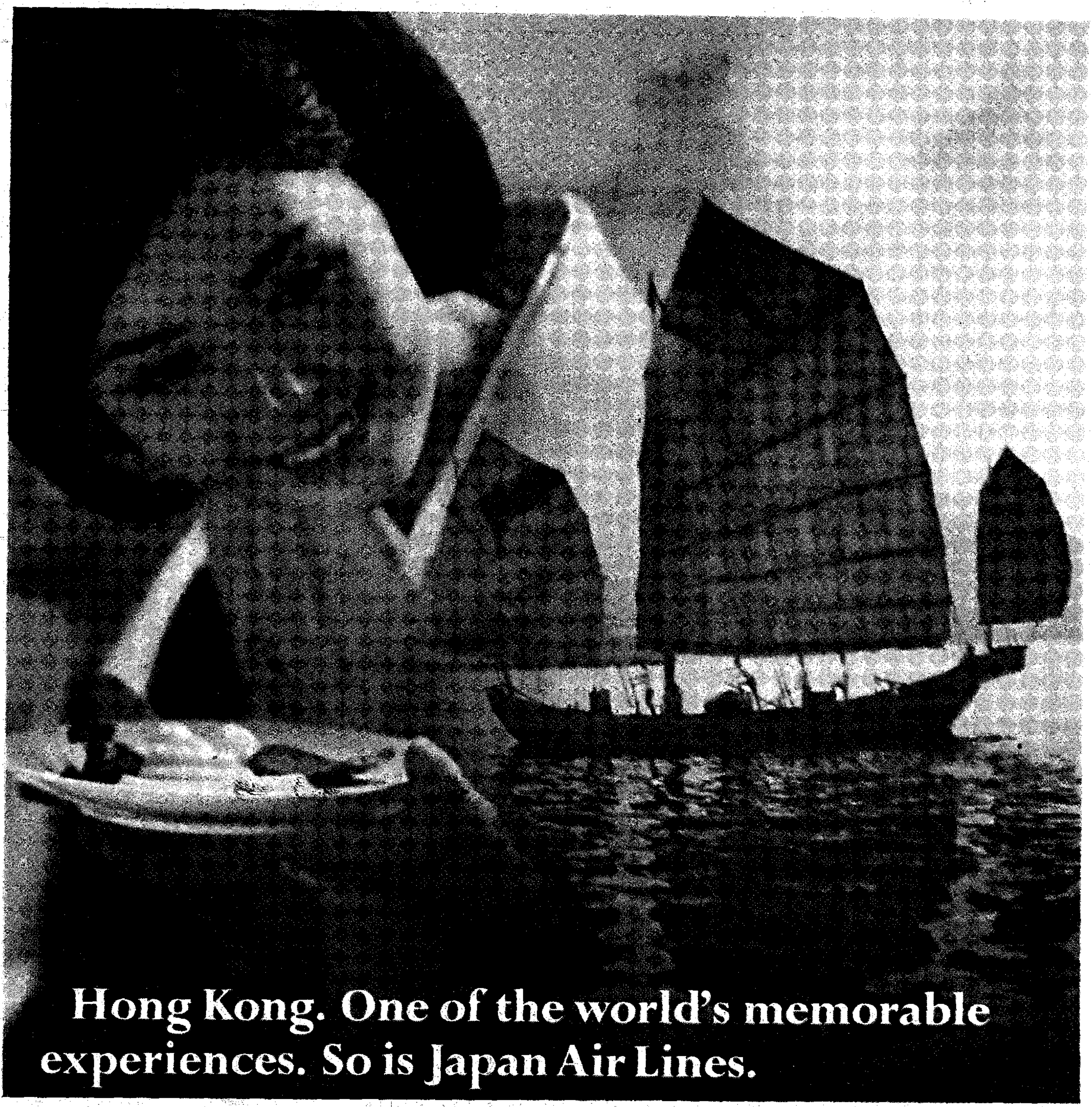
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